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George Orwell's defence of democracy

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"A terrifying leap into the da

Why English Puritans set sail on the *Mayflower*

20 January – 20 June 2020

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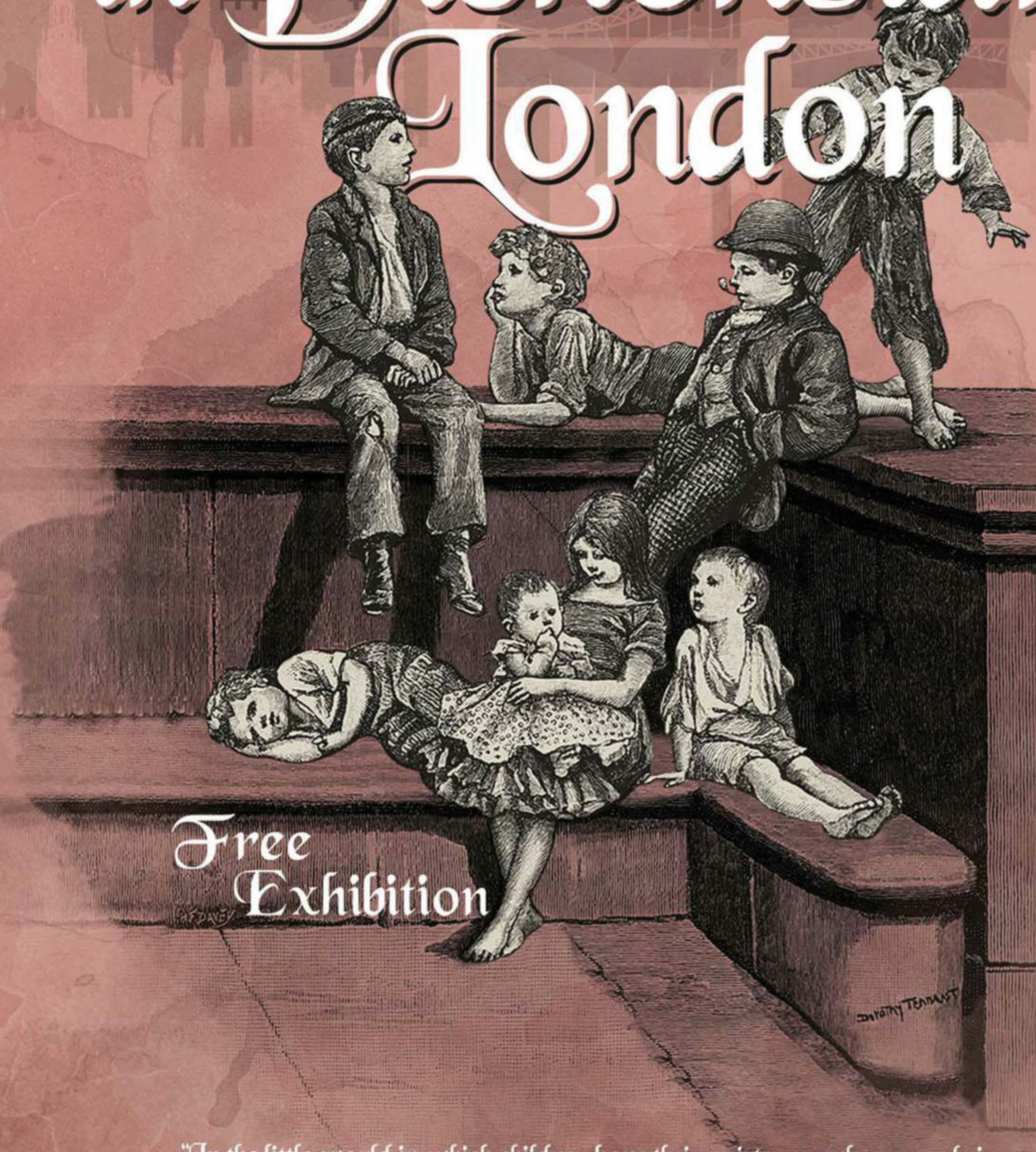

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>
> – Charles Dickens, Great Expectations

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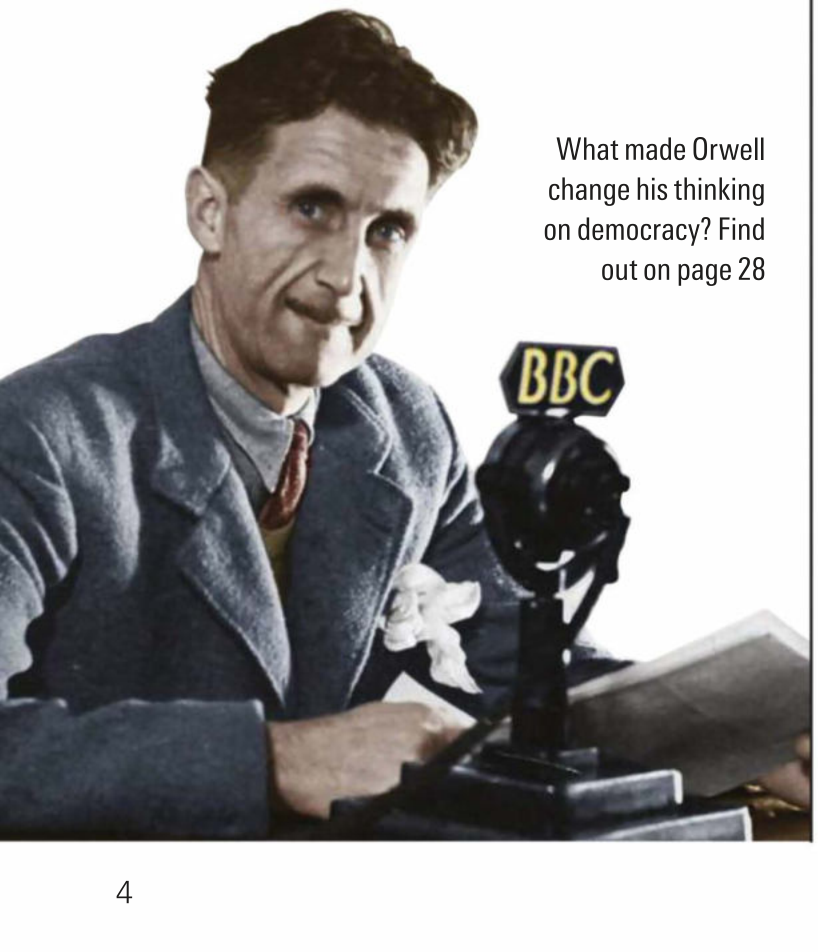

What made Orwell change his thinking on democracy? Find out on page 28

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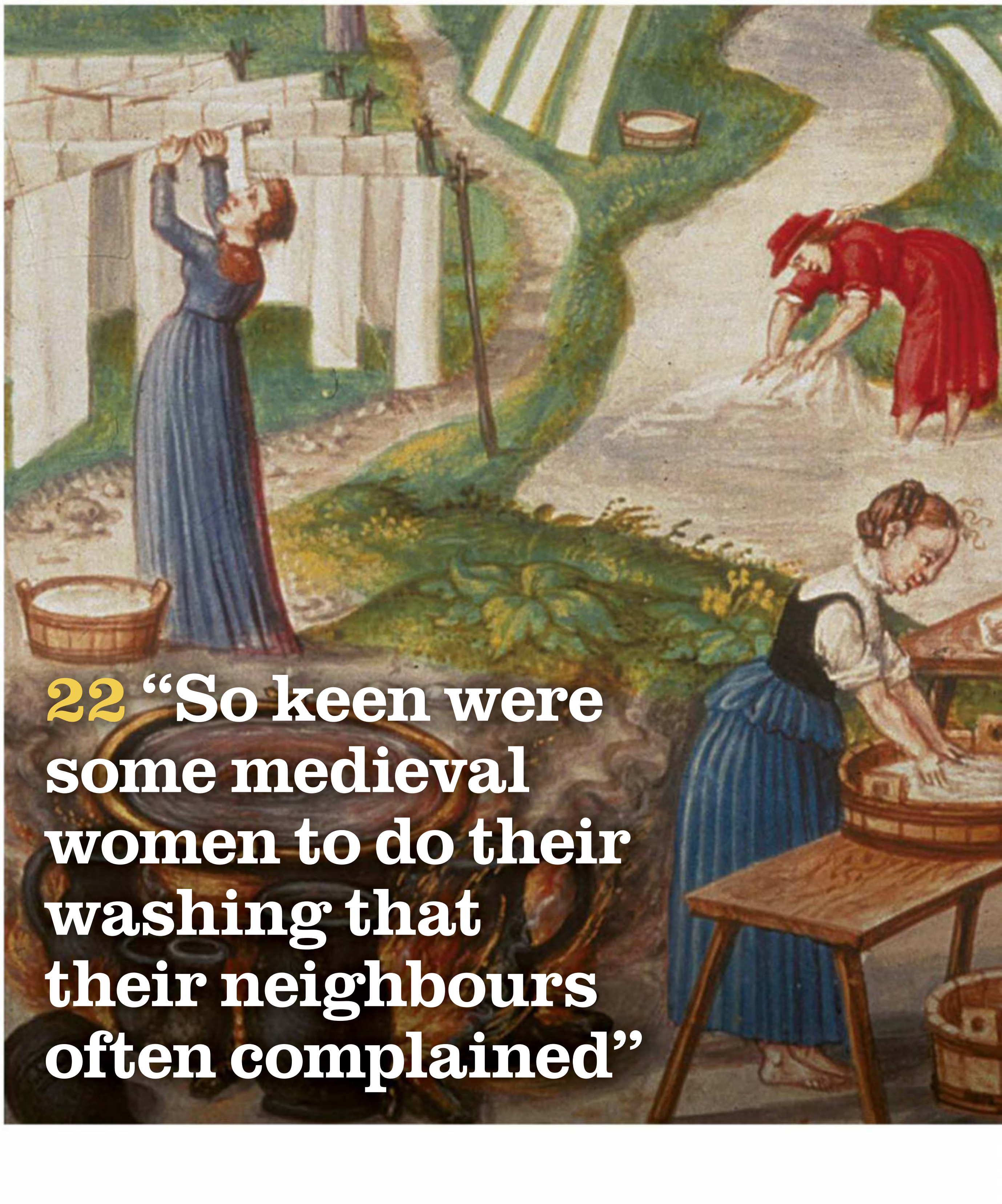

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SMILING VICTORIANS
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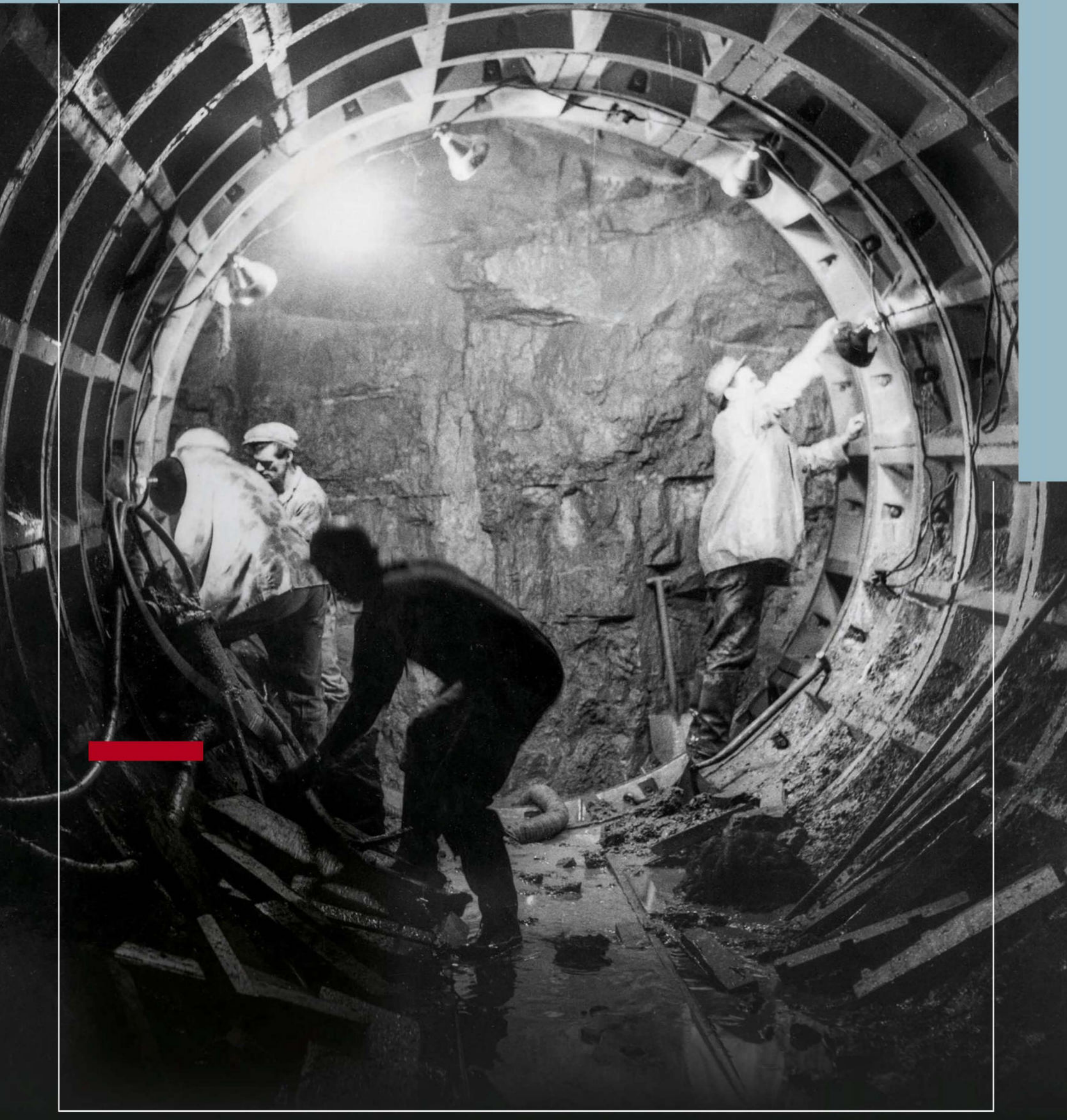
THE FILTHY MIDDLE AGES?



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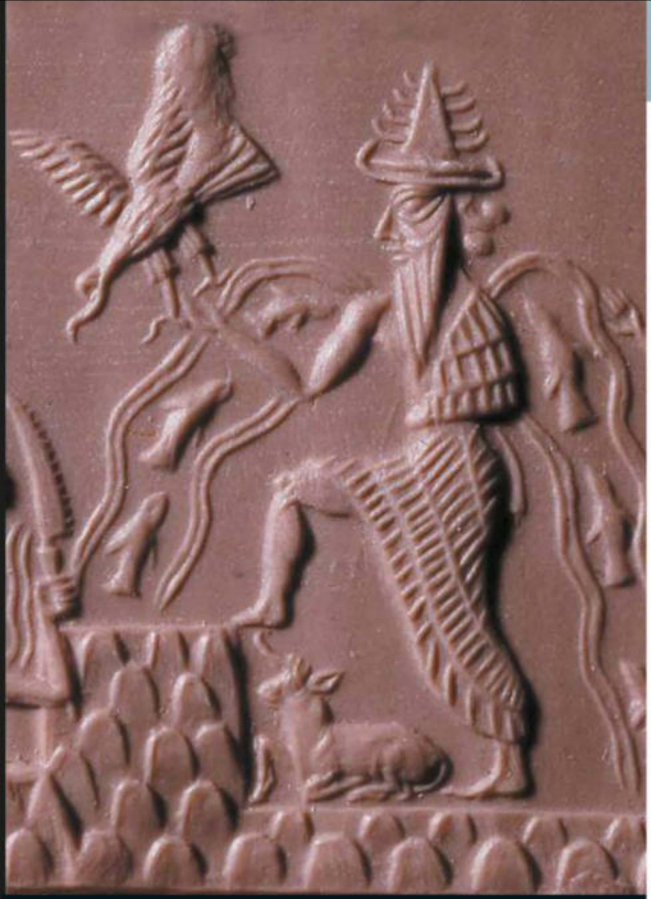

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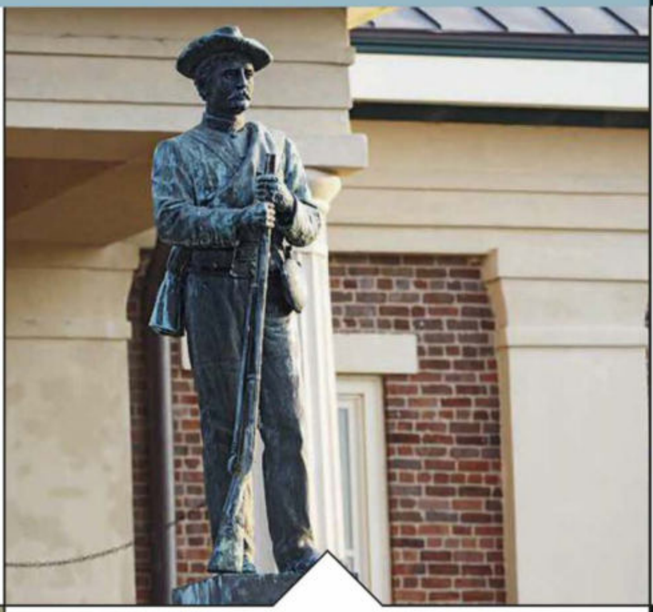

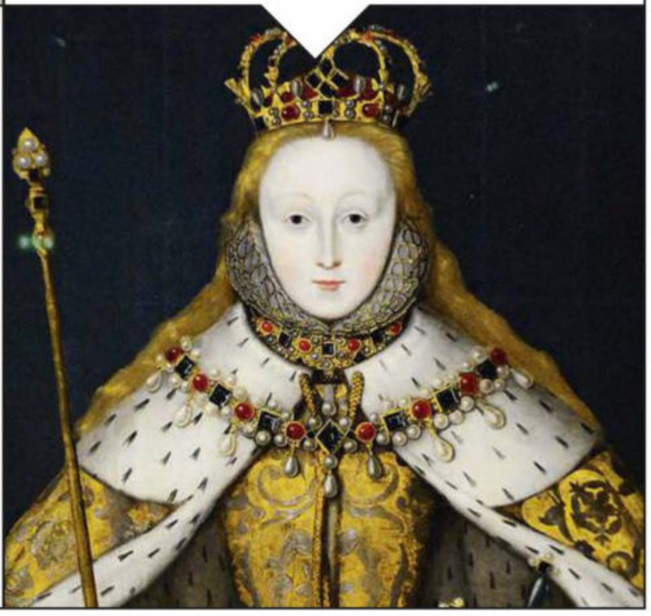

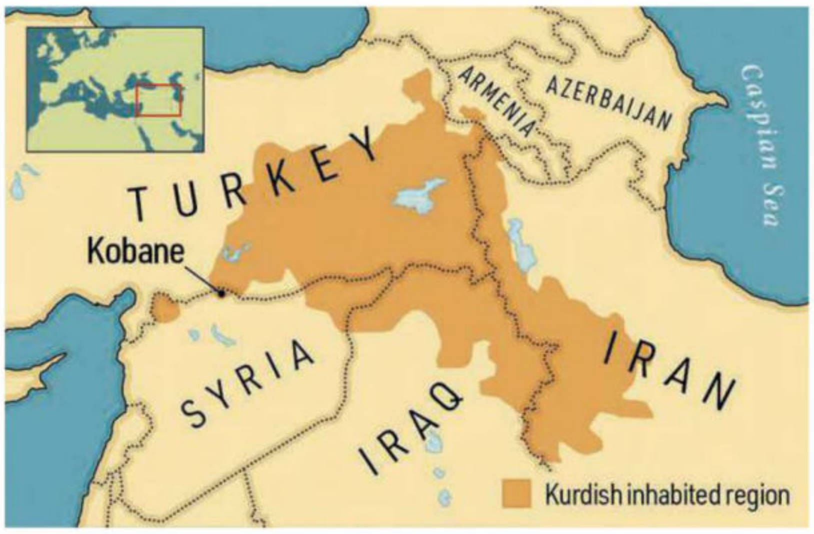
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ANNIVERSARIES

DOMINIC SANDBROOK highlights events that took place in January in history

10 JANUARY 1776

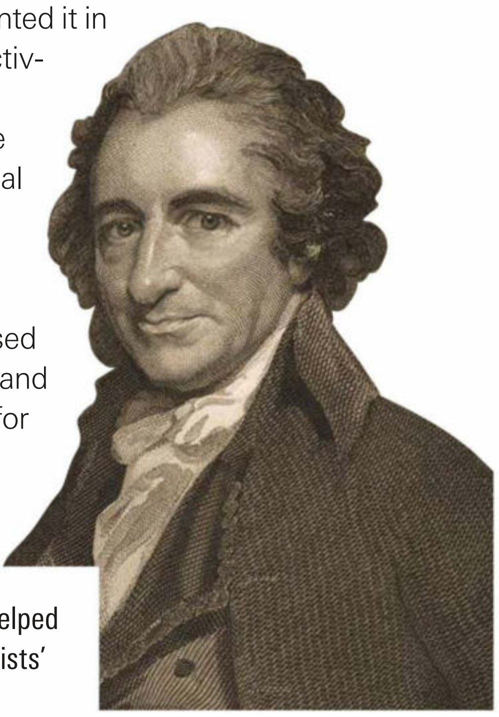
Common Sense fires up America

Thomas Paine's revolutionary tract urges colonists to cut ties with Britain

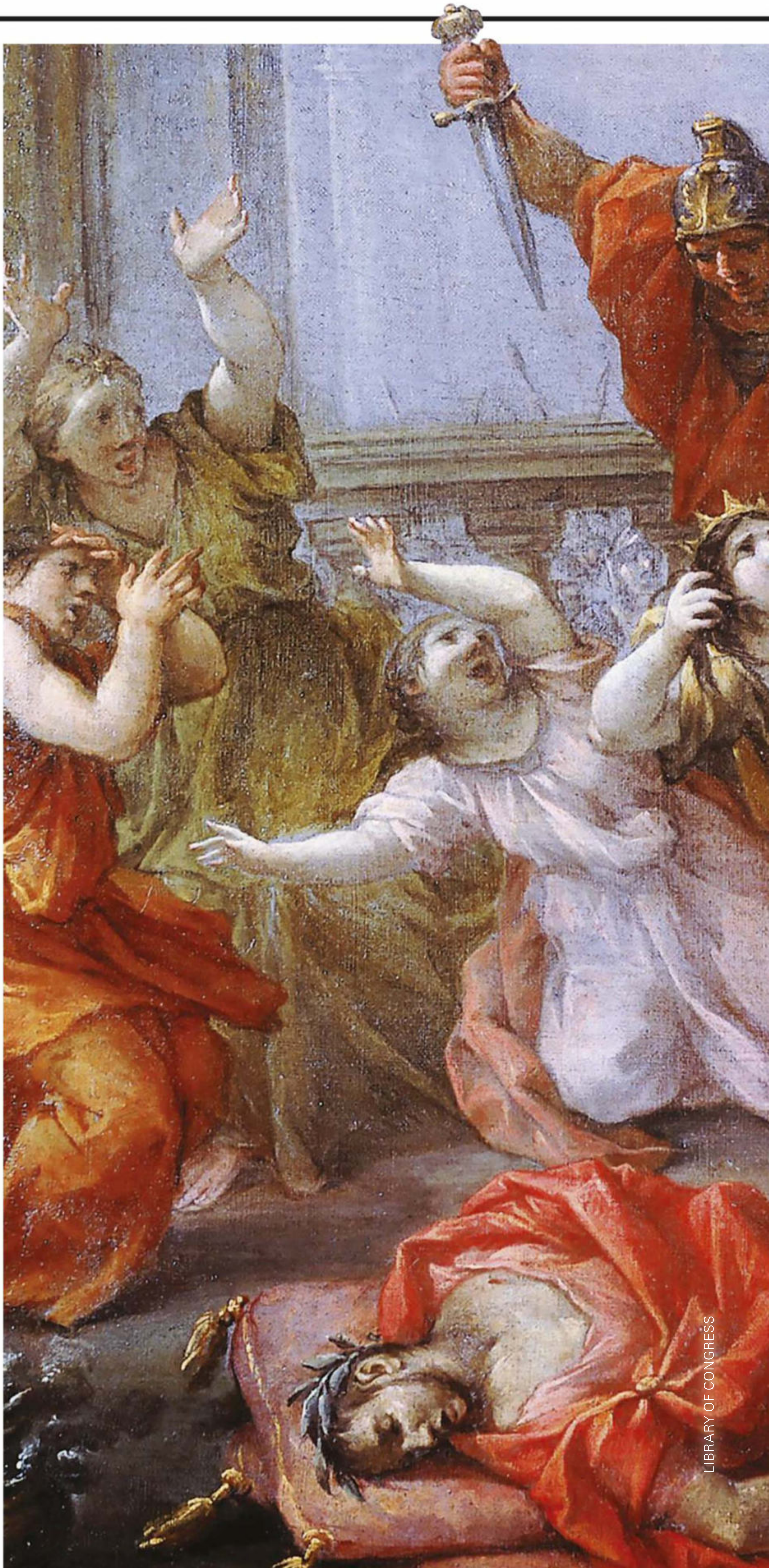
In the autumn of 1774, the radical pamphleteer Thomas Paine arrived in the New World. The American colonies were in open revolt; already the first shots had been fired in what would become the War of Independence. But to his disappointment, Paine found that many Americans were not yet ready to contemplate the ultimate breach. "Their attachment to Britain was obstinate," he recalled, "and it was, at that time, a kind of treason to speak against it. Their ideas of grievance operated without resentment, and their single object was reconciliation." This, Paine decided, was where he must come in.

By the end of 1775 Paine had finished work on a tract entitled *Common Sense*, which was published 10 days into the new year. The first half was a blistering attack on the principle of monarchy, which he regarded as contrary to reason and enlightened values. Then Paine turned his attention to America, urging the colonies to organise a Continental Conference and elect a Congress to govern a new republic, guaranteeing "freedom and property to all men, and… the free exercise of religion".

Common Sense was a sensation, selling at least 75,000 copies in its first year. Some American papers reprinted it in full; in taverns, rebel activists read it aloud. But there was a twist in the tale. In traditional radical fashion, Paine fell out with his publisher about his share of the profits, and both accused the other of deception and fraud. So much, then, for common sense.



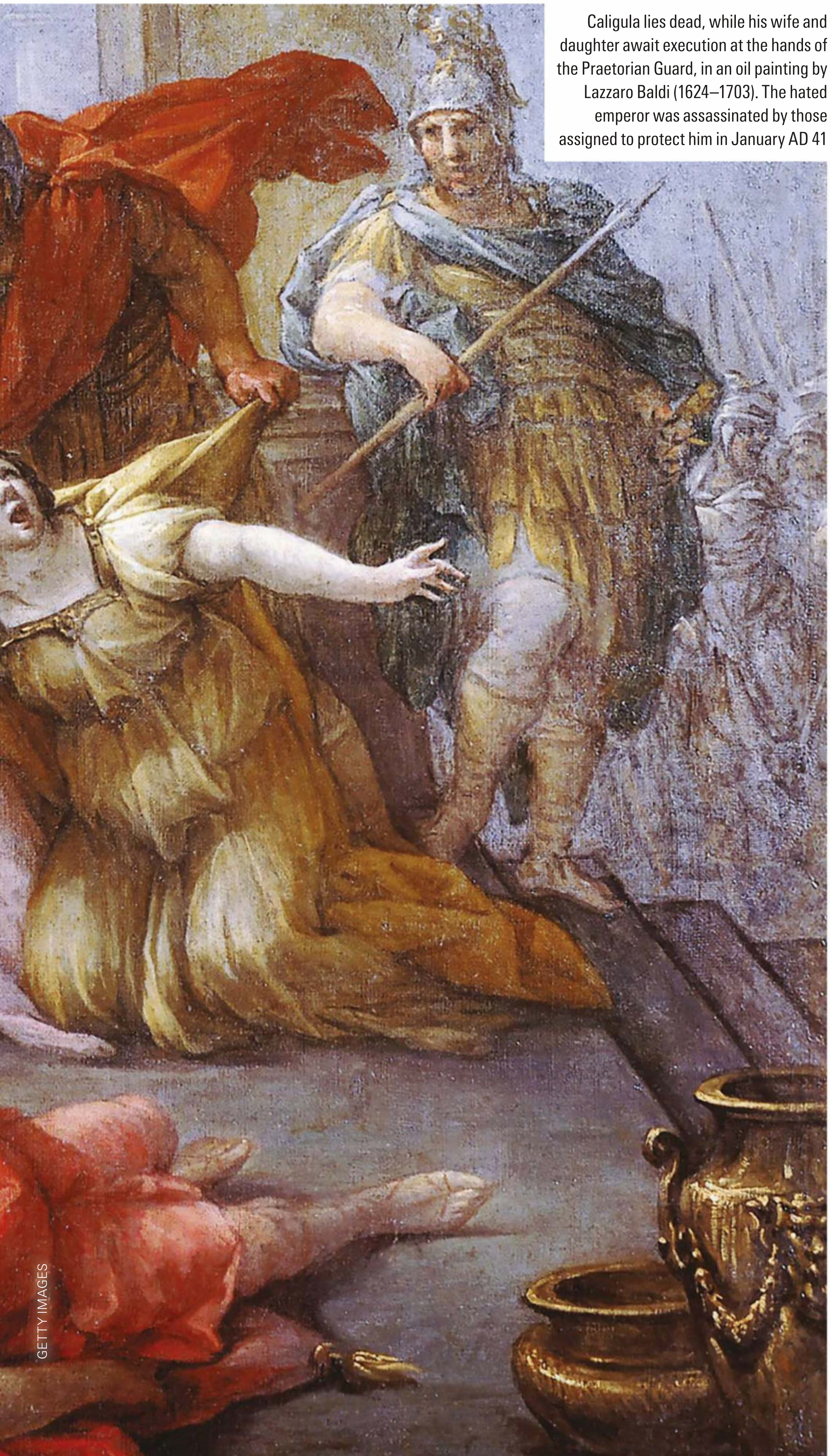
Thomas Paine's writings helped crystallise American colonists' thirst for independence



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

16 JANUARY 1605

In Madrid, a new book is published, *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha* – or ***Don Quixote*** for short. Penned by Miguel de Cervantes, this comic riff on chivalric romances is arguably the world's first novel – and immediately sells out.



Caligula lies dead, while his wife and daughter await execution at the hands of the Praetorian Guard, in an oil painting by Lazzaro Baldi (1624–1703). The hated emperor was assassinated by those assigned to protect him in January AD 41

GETTY IMAGES

24 JANUARY 41

Caligula is betrayed and butchered

The reviled emperor's guards finally turn on him

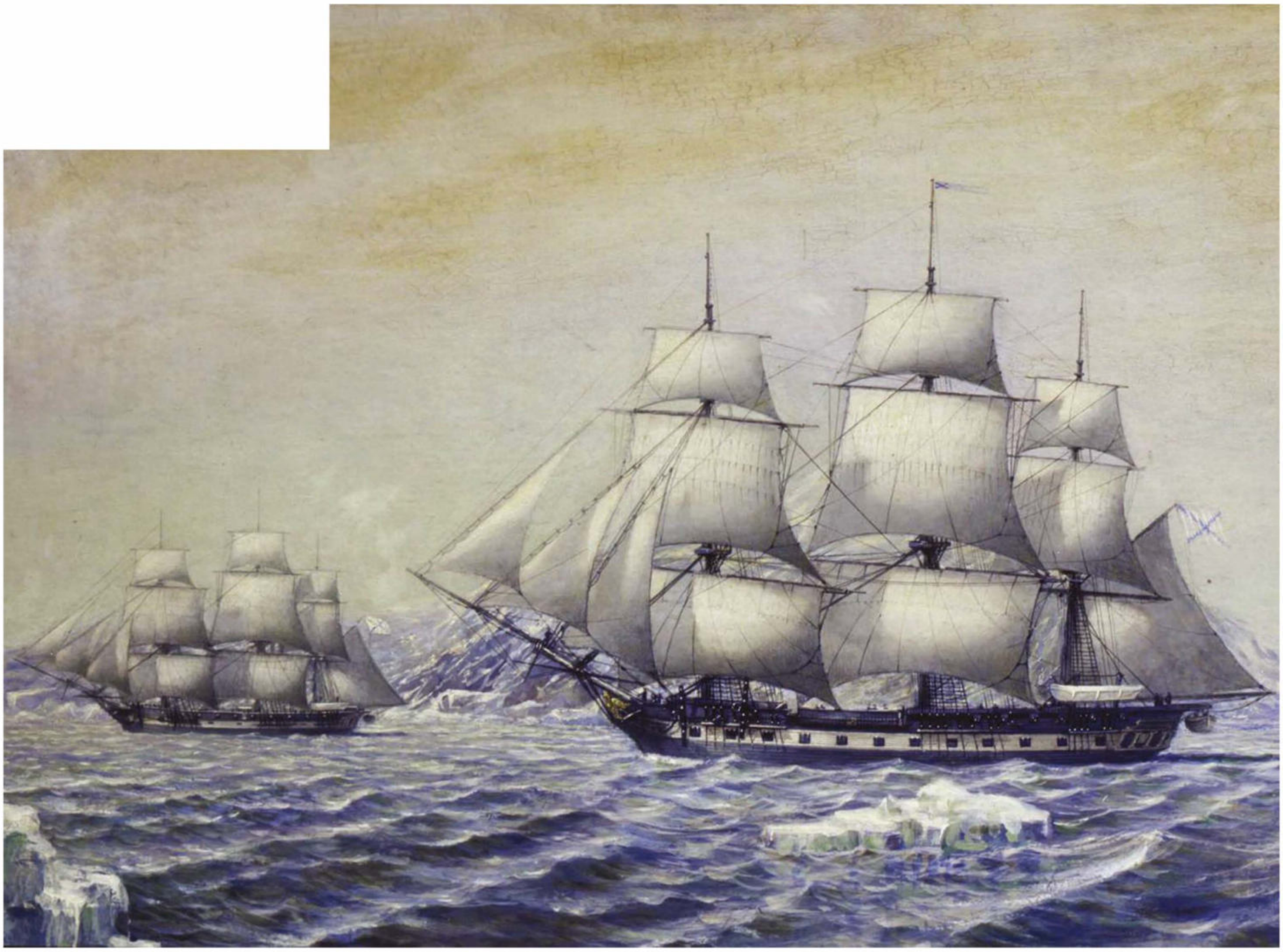
Cassius Chaerea was not a happy man at the turn of the year 41. An experienced officer in the Praetorian Guard, he had served on the Rhine and prided himself on his sense of honour. But like many other veteran figures in Rome's political classes, Chaerea was increasingly disturbed by the tone of life under the nihilistic young Caligula.

To add insult to injury, the emperor treated Chaerea as a comic punch line. Caligula, wrote the historian Suetonius, "used to taunt him, a man already well on in years, with voluptuousness and effeminacy by every form of insult". When Chaerea asked for the watchword, Caligula would suggest "Venus" and "would hold out his hand to kiss, forming and moving it in an obscene fashion". For Chaerea this was all too much. And when he heard of a plot against the insufferable emperor, he decided to play his part.

On 24 January, Caligula rose late and decided to go and see a troupe of young actors, who were rehearsing just below the palace. There are various accounts of what followed, but one common version is that, as he was returning through an underground corridor, one of Chaerea's officers, Sabinus, asked the emperor for the day's watchword.

"Jupiter," Caligula said. "So be it!" Sabinus cried, and then, drawing his sword, slashed through the emperor's jawbone. Caligula fell instantly. "As he lay upon the ground and with writhing limbs called out that he still lived," wrote Suetonius, "the others dispatched him with 30 wounds; for the general signal was 'Strike again.'" Tellingly, some "even thrust their swords through his private parts".

The slaughter did not end there. A centurion was sent to kill Caligula's wife, Caesonia, while his infant daughter, Julia Drusilla, was murdered by having her "brains knocked out against a wall". But Cassius Chaerea did not live to enjoy his revenge. When Caligula's uncle Claudius took over as emperor, one of his first acts was to order the execution of the assassins.



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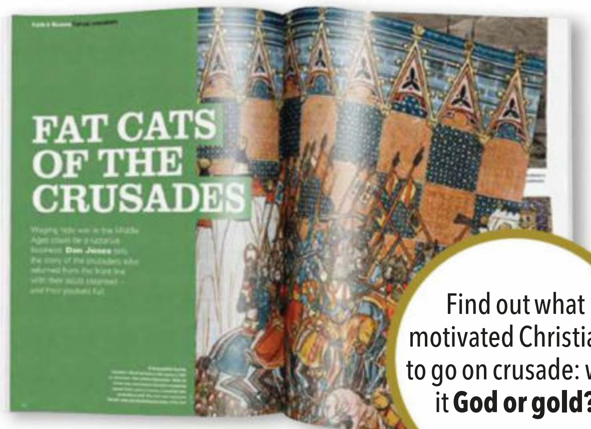
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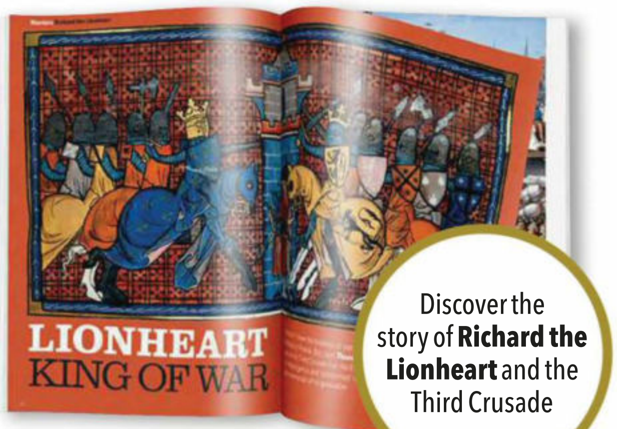
Find out what motivated Christians to go on crusade: was it **God or gold?**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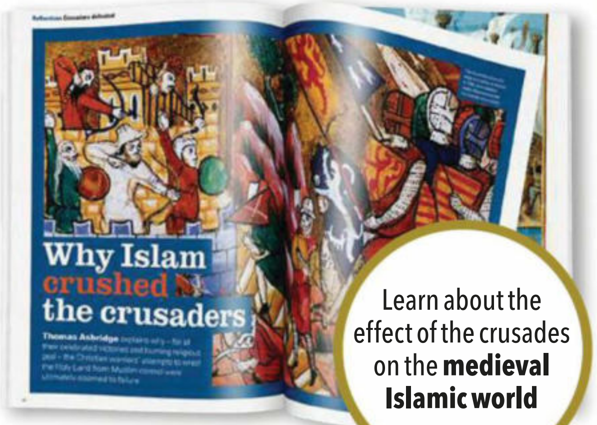
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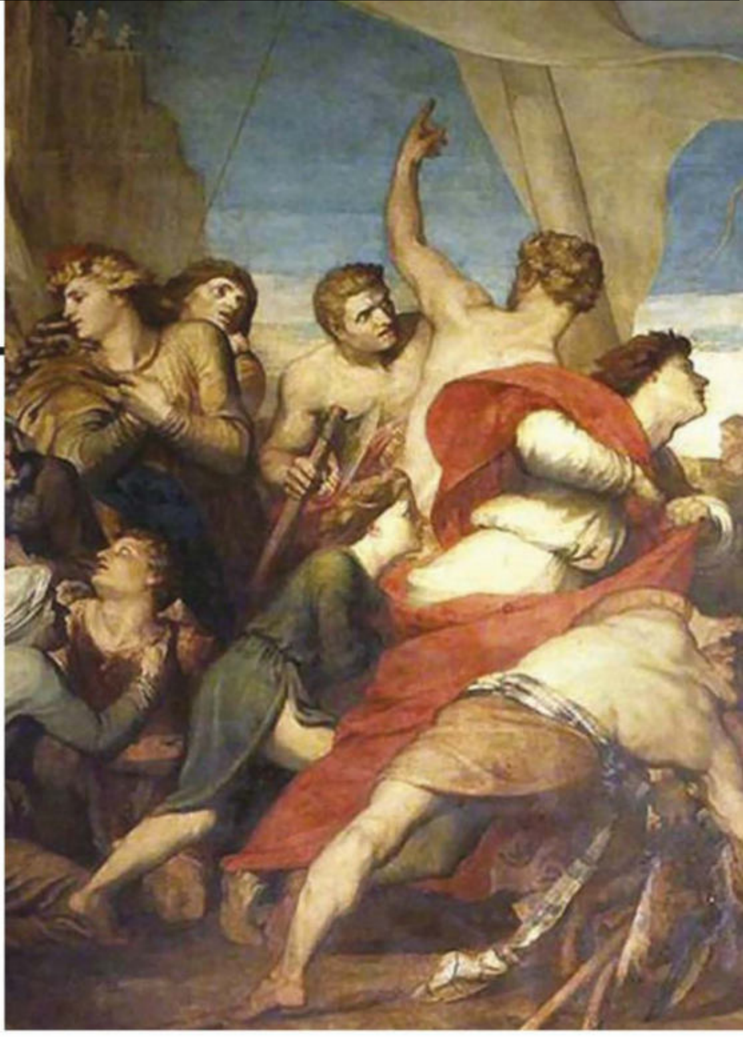
LETTERS

Nicola Tallis argued that Richard III spared Margaret Beaufort because he needed her husband's support



LETTER OF THE MONTH

In search of Hadrian

I enjoyed Michael Wood's article about Anglo-Saxon studies in your December issue (*Comment*). Apart from anything else it contained probably the most intriguing and thought-provoking aside I think I have ever read. In parenthesis Mr Wood commented: "(The Libyan Hadrian, a 'man of African race', along with the Syrian Theodore, is the most important figure in the history of education in England.)"

Theodore was archbishop of Canterbury from 668 to 690. Simon Schama's *History of Britain* doesn't mention either him or Hadrian. Rebecca Fraser's *A People's History of Britain* tells us that Theodore established training schools and ensured that "gifted children whatever their means" could attend school. He also reformed the curriculum to include Greek, Latin and the seven liberal arts: grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music. Fraser says nothing of Hadrian, about whom even Google is unhelpful. The best I could find was a mention from 1970 in RW Southern's *Western Society and the Church in the Middle Ages*. Here I learned that when Pope St Vitalian appointed Theodore of Tarsus to the see of Canterbury, he sent Hadrian with him as a sort of minder: to ensure that Theodore "introduced no Greek customs contrary to the true faith into England".

As so often, an article in *BBC History Magazine* has been the starting point for an enjoyable exploration of a subject, so I thank you and Michael Wood for that. But on this occasion, I am little wiser at the end of my researches than I was at the beginning! Please could you ask Mr Wood to expand in a future issue?

John Cosgrove, Cornwall

Editor replies: Thanks for your fascinating letter. Michael wrote about Theodore and Hadrian in his monthly column in Christmas 2017. We've made that available to read on our website at: *historyextra.com/hadrian-and-theodore*

We reward the *Letter of the Month* writer with a copy of a new history book. This issue, that is **Richard III: The Self Made King** by Michael Hicks. You can read our review of the book on page 76

Deep in the English psyche

I am writing in response to Michael Wood's article on the Anglo-Saxon racism debate. I enter this arena with great trepidation, especially as I'm a late entrant to Old English and Anglo-Saxon studies. I'm also aware of the hackles that have been raised in the discussion of the term Anglo-Saxon in the US in particular. Michael Wood's article gives a good summary of the affair, but it doesn't include one or two issues that, in my opinion, run deep in the English psyche.

The most important, to my mind, is the attitude that evolved in the 16th century in the promotion of the Anglican church in opposition to the Roman Catholic establishment. As I understand it, there was a strong and proud movement in favour of earlier 'Anglo-Saxon' ways that were considered superior to the Roman. This sense of superiority has long fed English attitudes engendered in previous hostility to the (perceived elite) culture of the Normans and persisted in later disdain (and fear) of Napoleonic reforms on the continent. This sense of otherness also accompanied the feeling of superiority in British colonialism.

At a much shallower level, I remember being encouraged to cultivate a robust 'Anglo-Saxon' vocabulary and style as opposed to more Latinate and French forms. And that's not so long ago. So we English have our hang-ups too!

The major issues in the US debate, of course, are the association of Anglo-Saxon with white supremacy and – also in the UK – the limited representation of people of colour in the study of early English culture and language. But we should not forget the purely English origins of the problem.

Dr Alan Griffiths, Amsterdam

Anglo-Saxon on the trash heap?

Since I learned to talk in the early 1970s, I've had to learn new names for a wide range of groups, ethnicities and countries. I will live if the term 'Anglo-Saxon' winds up on the trash heap of history. I do have one question, though: what do we do when the moronic knuckle-draggers who have co-opted Anglo-Saxon for their pin-headed 'philosophy' co-opt the next term? As a group, they don't seem to be terribly creative and latch onto any random thing they can twist into being 'white'.

Douglass Abramson, California

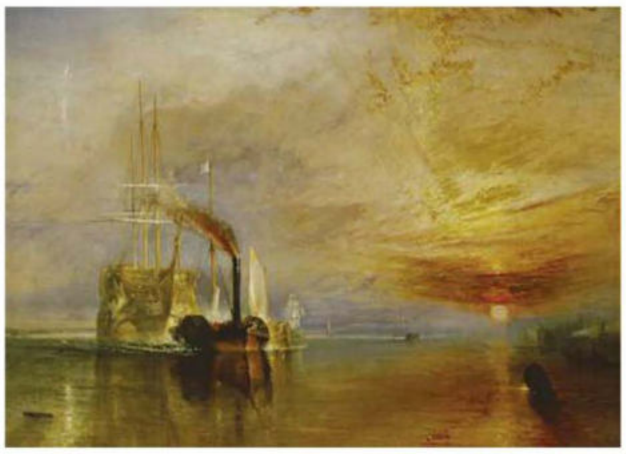
Richard III's piety

In the interview with Ellie Cawthorne in the December issue (*Books*), Nicola Tallis argues that Margaret Beaufort evaded execution for her treason with Buckingham because Richard III needed the support of her husband, Lord Stanley. Much good that did him, as Stanley betrayed his king at Bosworth two years later! Perhaps there was a more pious reason: Richard didn't execute women. None of the Tudors, however, had such scruples.

Bob Nicholson, Cheshire

Head of state for a day

In step 3 of Paul Cartledge's feature (*How to Build a Democracy*, December), you could have included the remarkable details of the workings of the Athenian Council. According to Aristotle's Athenian Constitution, the 50 men (called a prytany) from each of the tribes who served for one year were chosen by lot, surely the ultimate democratic mechanism of ensuring that no person privileged in any way would hold that position. In addition, one of the prytany, also chosen by lot, for one 24-hour period held the state seal and the keys to the state treasuries and archives, thus giving every



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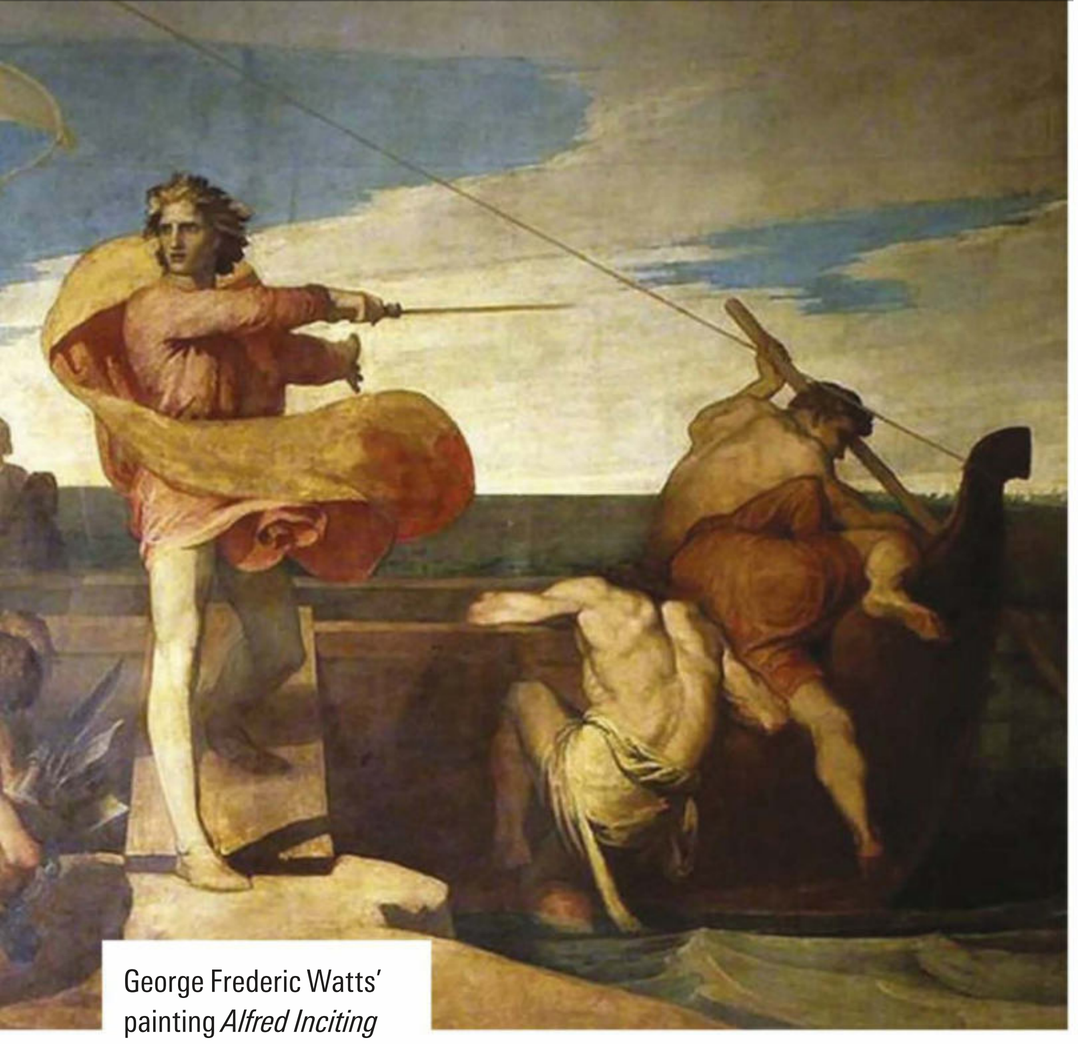
Turner's *The Fighting Temeraire* hints at technology's vulnerability, writes reader Juliet O'Brien



George Frederic Watts' painting *Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Prevent the Landing of the Danes*. According to Dr Alan Griffiths, the current row over the use of the term 'Anglo-Saxon' has roots in the Reformation and beyond

citizen the hope of being, in a way, the head of state for that day.
Hugh Hollinghurst, Liverpool

The fallibility of science

Tilly Blyth's article (*When Great Minds Thought Alike*, October) included a reference to Constable's painting *Study of Sky and Trees* as an example of artistic exploration of meteorology. She might have also included a reference to JMW Turner's paintings, which often explore the same theme. Furthermore, Turner's paintings are also interesting as they hint at the fallibility of science and technology. Who can fail to be touched by the vision of the defunct warship, now only fit for scrap, in *The Fighting Temeraire*?
Juliet O'Brien, Farnborough

Going the distance

My copy of the October 2019 issue arrived today and I found David Olusoga's (*Hidden Histories*) article about Japan's Ainu of great interest – living, as I do, near Hokkaido. It was also timely, as I read the story the day after the International Olympics Committee announced that the marathon running events of the 2020 summer Olympics were being shifted to Sapporo, Hokkaido. This will allow those who are going to Japan to watch the Olympics next year to explore the Ainu Museum in Shiraoi. It will be well worth the visit.
Paul H Sayles, Aomori-ken, Japan

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Vol 21 No 1 – January 2020
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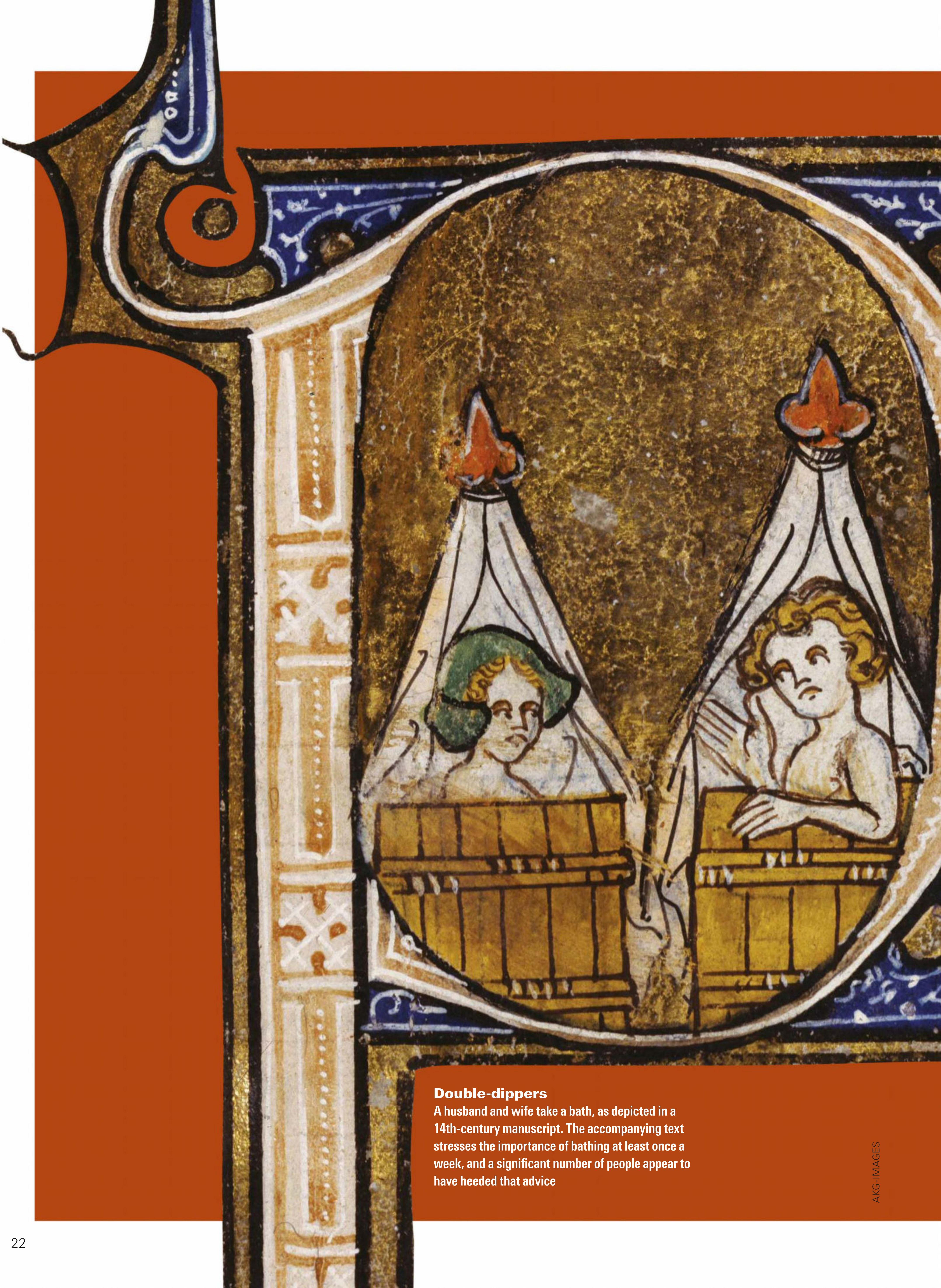

Double-dippers
A husband and wife take a bath, as depicted in a 14th-century manuscript. The accompanying text stresses the importance of bathing at least once a week, and a significant number of people appear to have heeded that advice

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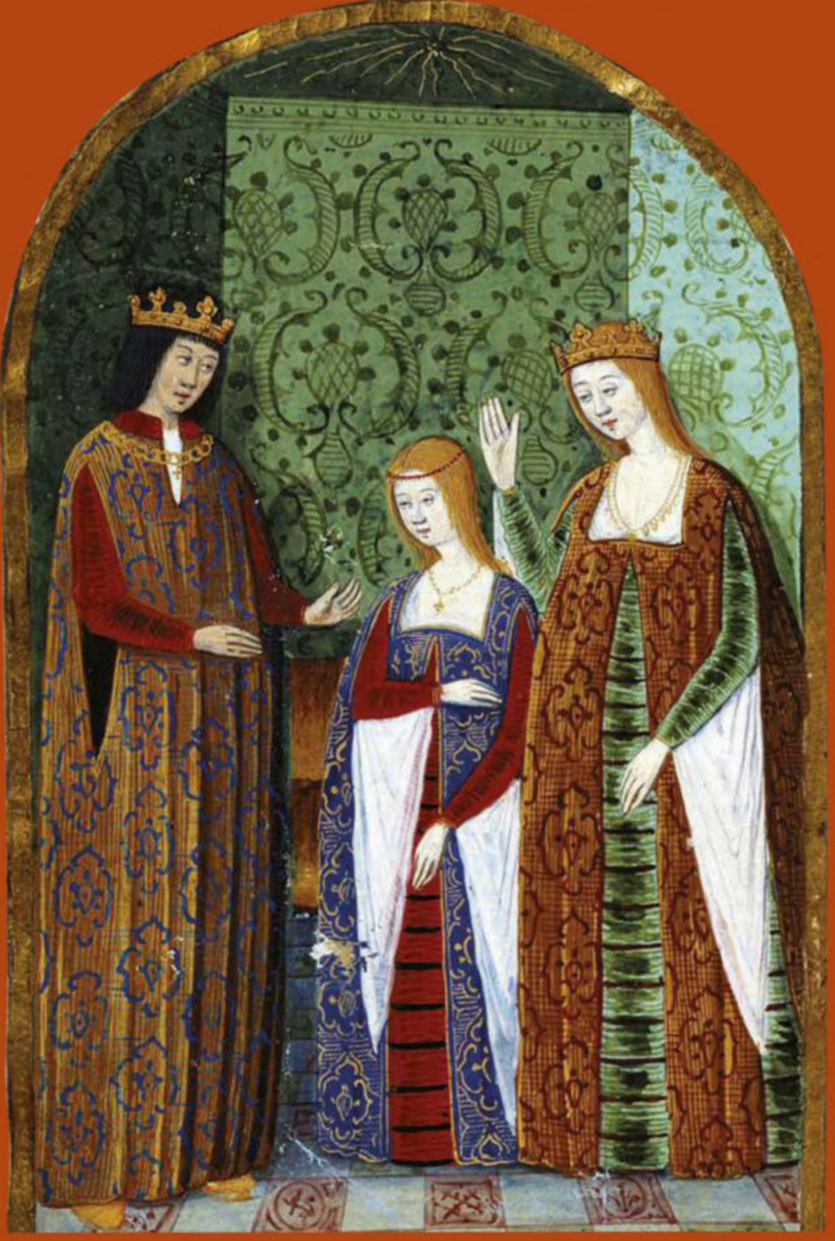
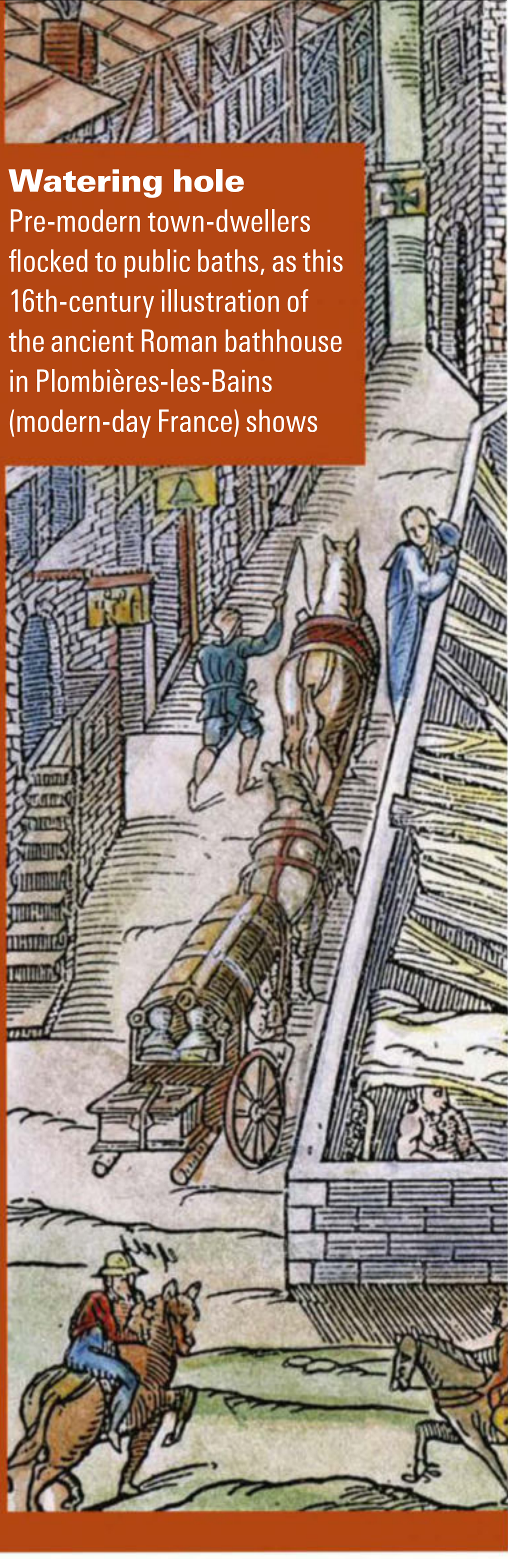
THE (not so) STINKY MIDDLE AGES

If there's one thing we think we know about our medieval ancestors, it's that they were mud-spattered, lice-infested and smelt like rotting veg. Yet the reality appears to have been far less pungent. **Katherine Harvey** digs the dirt on the medieval passion for cleanliness



Unclean queen? A c1482 image of Ferdinand II of Aragon and his wife, Isabella of Castile (right), who reportedly said that she had only bathed twice in her life: on the day she was born and her wedding day



Watering hole
Pre-modern town-dwellers flocked to public baths, as this 16th-century illustration of the ancient Roman bathhouse in Plombières-les-Bains (modern-day France) shows

In the film *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* (1975), two minor characters spot King Arthur. They know who he is because, as one of them points out: "He must be a king… he hasn't got shit all over him." The scene encapsulates an enduring belief about the Middle Ages: medieval people, and especially medieval peasants, were dirty and smelly.

This impression is bolstered by examples of real medieval people who rarely washed, such as Queen Isabella of Castile. She supposedly boasted that she had bathed only twice in her life: on the day she was born, and on the day she married Ferdinand of Aragon. And it is undoubtedly true that, like everyone who lived before domestic plumbing and electricity became the norm, medieval people would have struggled to abide by modern standards of hygiene, even if they had wanted to. Nevertheless, we should not assume that pre-modern people were indifferent to personal hygiene, because we know that many people – including Isabella's own daughter – made significant efforts to keep clean. Juana of Castile bathed and washed her hair so often that her husband feared she would make herself ill.

Archduke Philip's concerns for his wife were rooted in contemporary medical theory, which suggested that too much washing could weaken the body. But, on the other hand, it was widely acknowledged that regular washing was necessary for good health, because it cleaned visible dirt from the body. Washing also removed the invisible excretions, including sweat, which were believed to be the potentially harmful side-products of digestion. If the latter were not removed, they could cause health problems including skin conditions and parasitic infestations.

Consequently, both medical writings and advice literature were full of exhortations to good hygiene. Readers were instructed to wash their hands, face, mouth and head every morning, and to wash their hands throughout the day, particularly before meals.

Sick in a bath-house

Contrary to popular belief, medieval doctors were enthusiastic about the benefits of bathing. They urged caution during epidemics, because heating the body opened the pores to disease, and because sickness spread easily in bath-houses. But they also thought that bathing could prevent and cure illness, and prescribed it for conditions ranging from bladder stones to melancholy. Nightly bathing or foot-washing was a popular late medieval cure for the common cold.

So, the benefits of good hygiene were well established, but did medieval people follow the medical advice? All the evidence suggests that rich people washed regularly, and spent a lot of money on making bathing a luxury experience – for example, by supplementing wood-ash soap with expensive scented oils. Although he had many faults, King John almost certainly didn't smell. He travelled with a bath-tub, employed a bath-man, and once took 10 baths in six months. His descendants had even better facilities: in 1351, Edward III bought new taps for his Westminster bath chamber, which had both cold and hot running water.

Such luxury was limited to the grandest royal residences, but many households owned a large wooden tub, lined with cloth and sometimes covered by a canopy, which could be filled with hot water heated over the fire. Ownership of basins and ewers (large jugs) used for washing the hands and face extended to all but the poorest. Robert Oldham (d1350), a well-to-do Oxfordshire peasant, owned two basins and four ewers. Washing equipment made up a substantial portion of the possessions in his sparsely furnished home.

Not all washing was done at home, and town-dwellers could enjoy a trip to the public baths. Alexander of Neckham, who lived in Paris in the 1170s, complained that he was often woken in the morning by street cries of, "The baths are hot!" A few decades later, there were at least 32 public baths in the city.

During the summer, many people washed in rivers, lakes and ponds. Sadly, we know about such outdoor bathing practices mainly

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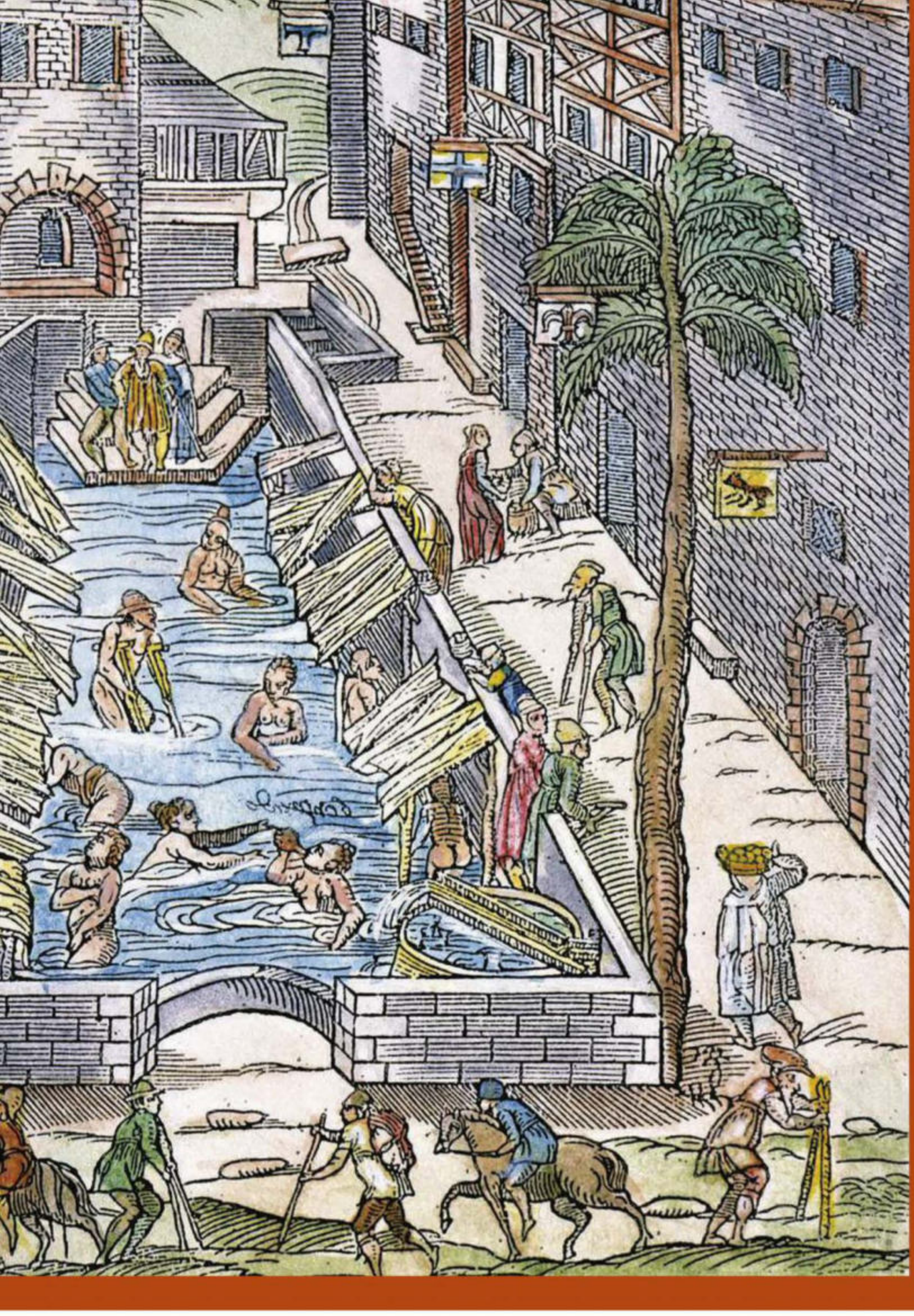
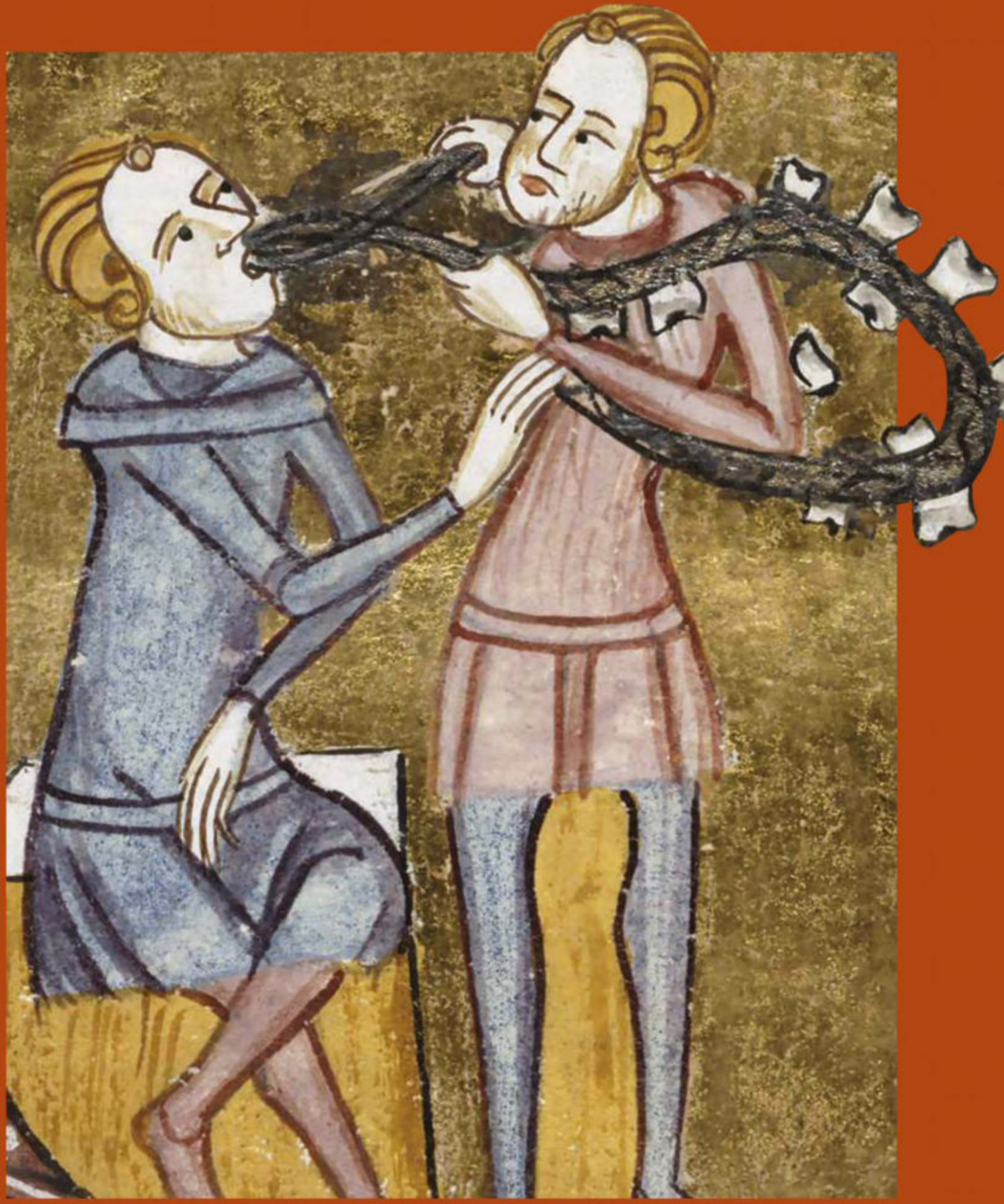
Dirty work
Peasants, like these shown working the land in c1325–40, were urged to wash every morning

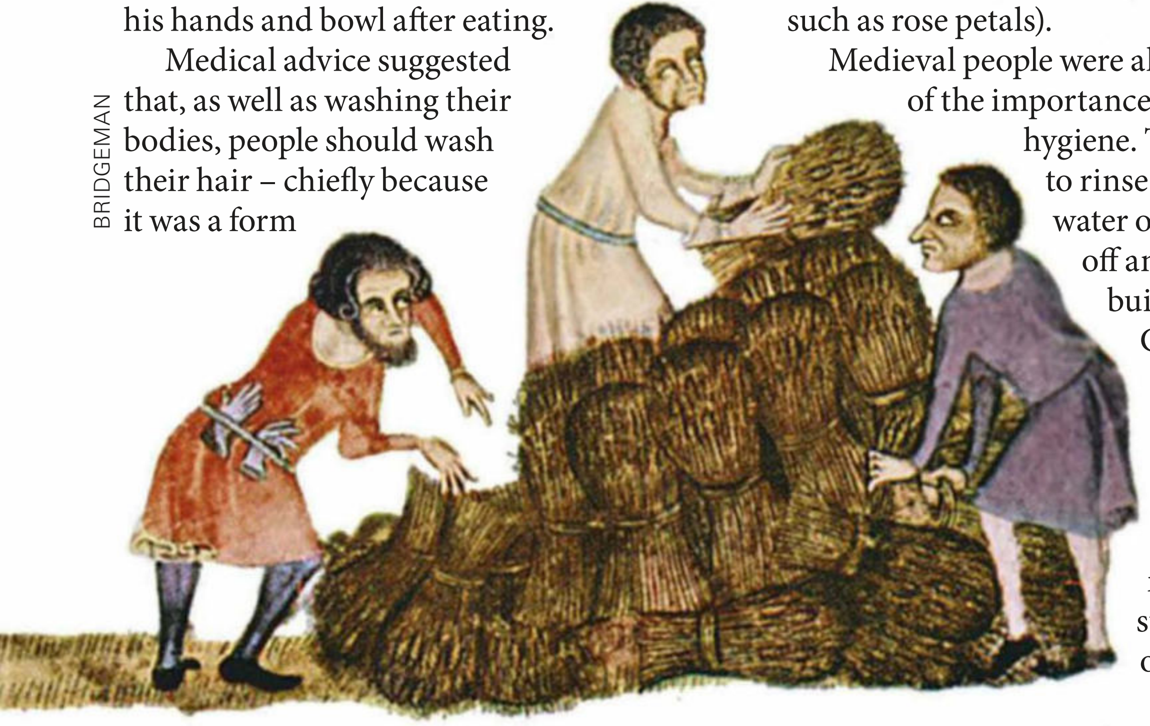




Driven to extraction A dentist removes a tooth with a cord in a 14th-century vellum. The physician Gilbert the Englishman believed that people could avoid such painful procedures by rubbing their teeth with powders made from mint

from coroners' records, which include numerous cases of death by drowning. One evening in April 1269, 12-year-old John White "took off his clothes and entered a certain stream to bathe… he was drowned by misadventure". The river Thames claimed the lives of several 14th-century bathers, among them Robert de Leyre, who "went to the wharf and entered the river to bathe. No one being present, he was by accident drowned." Elsewhere, a 10-year-old boy drowned in a marketplace trough as he washed his hands and bowl after eating.

Medical advice suggested that, as well as washing their bodies, people should wash their hair – chiefly because it was a form of excrement, produced from the waste products of digestion (which rose as fumes to the uppermost part of the body). Consequently, hair should be washed at least once every three weeks; this opened the pores in the head, releasing bad vapours from the body. Hair was cleaned with water, sometimes mixed with ash and herbs to make it shiny and sweet-smelling. Daily combing was also important, and was sometimes combined with the sprinkling of special powders (made from fragrant ingredients such as rose petals).



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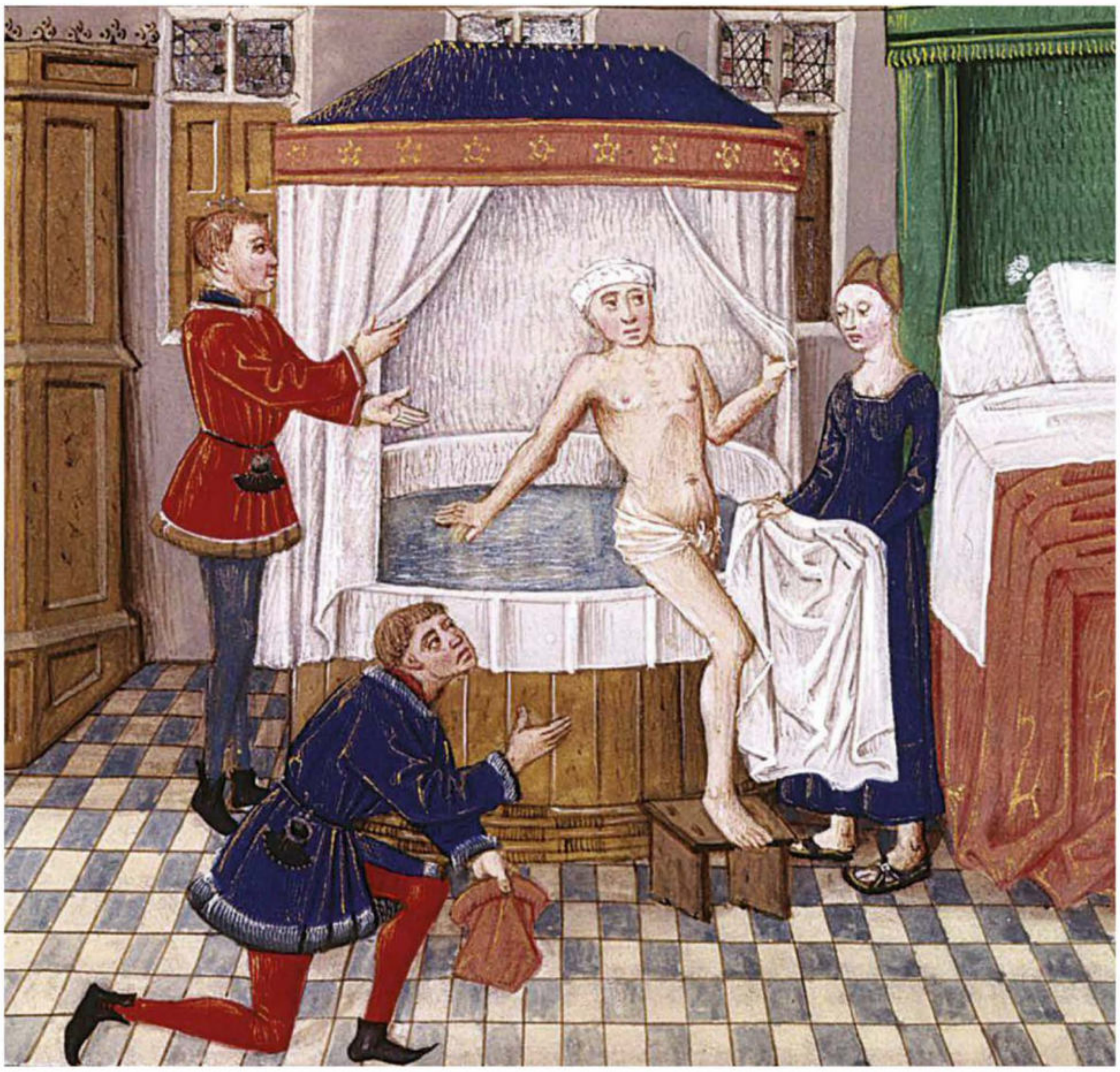
Medieval people were also well aware of the importance of good dental hygiene. They were advised to rinse their teeth with water on waking, to wash off any mucus that had built up overnight. Gilbert the Englishman, a 13th-century doctor, suggested rubbing teeth with powders made from herbs such as mint or marjoram, although he cautioned against using hot spices which would make teeth rot. He also advised patients "to dry the teeth after eating with a dry linen cloth… so that no food sticks to them, and there will be no putrid matter among the teeth to make them rotten." According to Gerald of Wales, the Welsh were particularly enthusiastic teeth-cleaners: "They are constantly cleaning them with green hazel-shoots and then rubbing them with woollen cloths until they shine like ivory."

The Welsh were particularly enthusiastic teeth-cleaners, rubbing them till they shone "like ivory"

Of course, washing the body was only truly effective as a form of personal hygiene if it was combined with regular washing of



Squeaky clean A 15th-century illustration shows a man climbing out of a bath. Medieval doctors prescribed bathing as a cure for conditions ranging from bladder stones to melancholy

The monks discovered that Thomas Becket's underclothes were "swarming with minute lice and fleas"

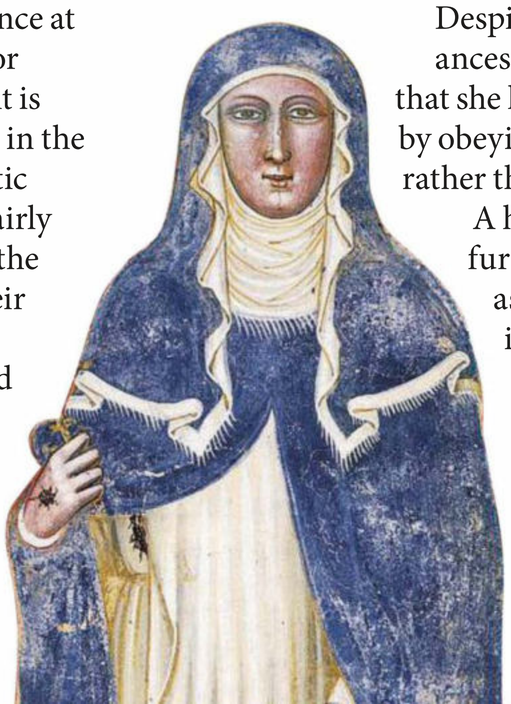
patients' sheets. Around the same time, an English teenager died when, washing his socks in a pit one Friday after work, he fell in and drowned.

Vermin in the pores

Such enthusiasm for laundry, despite the practical difficulties and potential dangers, was surely linked to the well-known health risks associated with dirty clothes. Until the 17th century, people thought that parasites were produced by spontaneous generation – that is, they did not hatch from eggs, but formed from existing matter, including dirt on the skin and clothes. As the theologian and philosopher Albertus Magnus put it, the louse is "a vermin which is generated from the putrescence at the edge of a person's pores or which is amassed from it as it is warmed by the person's heat in the folds of his clothing". Parasitic infestations probably were fairly common, especially among the very poor, but people did their best to avoid and treat them by using herbal remedies and practising good hygiene. Thomas Platter, a poor German student, described his efforts to rid himself of lice by picking them off his shirt, before washing it in the river Oder.

Only one section of medieval society actively embraced poor personal hygiene, including lice, as a way of life: the extremely pious. Queen Isabella's avoidance of bathing should be understood within the context of this strong Christian tradition: it did not reflect social norms, but rather the efforts of an extremely devout woman not to overindulge her body. For medieval Christians, washing oneself could be seen as evidence of excessive worldliness. The Italian mystic Catherine of Siena often wept as she recalled how, as a teenager, she had been persuaded to wash her face and comb her hair more often, in order to attract suitors. Despite her confessor's reassurances, she remained convinced that she had committed a mortal sin by obeying her mother's wishes, rather than prioritising her faith.

St Margaret of Hungary refused to wash her hair so she would be tormented by lice



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A handful of saints went further still, and embraced filth as a form of asceticism – that is, a behaviour that caused suffering to the individual, and thus both demonstrated and deepened his or her commitment to God. Their approach to personal hygiene was not just negligent, but deliberately harmful. For example, St Margaret of Hungary refused to wash her hair so that she would be tormented by lice.

It has to be pointed out that dirt was not *required* of the devout. Indeed, monks and bishops were early adopters of running water (and associated washing and toilet facilities) in their residences. Nevertheless, even the most rich and powerful churchmen were prepared to get filthy for their faith, concealing their penitential garments (and the creatures that lived in them) under their splendid vestments. After Thomas Becket was murdered in his cathedral, the monks who prepared his body for burial discovered that his underclothes were "swarming… with minute fleas and lice", which they interpreted as a form of martyrdom. During the canonisation inquiry for Thomas Cantilupe, bishop of Hereford (d1282), his servants reported that he never bathed, and his bedding and clothing contained whole handfuls of lice. When Cantilupe's old clothes were given away to paupers, they had to be deloused: even those poor enough to need charity would turn down such dirty garments.

The bishop's willingness to embrace such an unhygienic lifestyle was deeply impressive to medieval Christians *because* it was atypical, and because his contemporaries, including the very poor, found it as repulsive as we do. Most medieval people probably were dirty, and perhaps even smelly, by our standards – however hard you try, it must be nearly impossible to make a cold, muddy river work as well as a power shower and a washing machine. But only a tiny number of medieval people were truly filthy. Even fewer actually *wanted* to be dirty.

Katherine Harvey is a historian of medieval Europe based at Birkbeck, University of London. She will be discussing medieval hygiene on our podcast: *historyextra.com/podcast*

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BBC RADIO 4

Battle of the airwaves
George Orwell broadcasts for the BBC in London, 1943. By this point, the great author argued passionately that democracy was fascism's most formidable enemy – but he hadn't always held that view

ALAMY

In 1932, as the Great Depression pushed unemployment towards 3.5 million, and swathes of Britain were branded 'Distressed Areas', a posh young politician called John Strachey was trying to find a way through the crisis. He had broken from Labour to join his friend Oswald Mosley's New party. Then, watching Mosley turn fascist, Strachey turned Marxist – and published a book that captured the great fear of his time. *The Coming Struggle for Power* warned that capitalism was growing desperate, and would soon abandon democracy: "The democratic forms, liberal ideas, and subtle methods of the rule of the capitalist class have to be scrapped. Direct, open terror against the workers, violent aggression against its rivals, can alone enable a modern empire to maintain itself. A name for such a policy has been found: it is fascism."

Strachey's lurches from one position to another catch something of the decade's desperation. Democracy seemed dangerously weak or, worse, a sham. In 1936, as fascism advanced on the continent, Strachey's publisher, Victor Gollancz, suggested creating a 'Left Book Club' to popularise the Marxist alternative to fascism. He asked Strachey to help run it, and asked another, rather more obscure, writer – George Orwell – to head north to the Distressed Areas and write about what he found. Orwell, then 32, had been two years below Strachey at Eton, but was an altogether more marginal, impoverished figure. His commission from Gollancz would become *The Road to Wigan Pier*, one of the Left Book Club's most famous publications – and it would set Orwell on a political journey through the borderlands between dictatorship and democracy, culminating in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Small and squalid

At this point, Orwell's view of democratic politics was still forming. Perhaps the closest England got was, he considered, the "small, squalid democracy" he had found when he lived among tramps, writing *Down and Out in Paris and London*. In March 1936, he found himself in Barnsley, detailing its slum housing and its slump into misery. In the public hall, he watched Strachey's one-time comrade Oswald Mosley work his fascist wizardry as his blackshirted stewards brutalised hecklers.

Later that year, as he wrote *Wigan Pier*, Orwell reckoned the "pinch" would come within two years. This final capitalist crisis would pit socialism against fascism, and there was a terrible danger that fascism would win out. But the Blackshirt leader was not his main concern: "When I speak of fascism in England, I am not necessarily thinking of Mosley and his pimpled followers. English fascism, when it arrives, is likely to be of a sedate and subtle kind (presumably, at any rate at first, it won't be called fascism)…"

A fascist appeal to patriotism and tradition, he feared, might win over the struggling middle class. This was the other scenario troubling the left: that democracy could be a front, behind which a fascist-style regime could develop. As Strachey wrote, even before Hitler took power through the ballot box: "If a capitalist class can succeed in transforming and fusing its existing political parties – into a 'National Government', for instance – the institutions of democracy will be gradually and, if possible, imperceptibly withdrawn."

That same year, Strachey's "struggle for power" came to Spain. A socialist government was elected; the army rose against it, cheered on by the aristocracy and the Catholic church. Civil war erupted, and Orwell saw his chance to go and fight fascism. When he sought Strachey's advice on how to do this, he was sent to see communist leader Harry Pollitt, who rejected him as politically unreliable, and he ended up with a smaller, independent-minded revolutionary militia.

On the front lines, Orwell would be hit in the throat by a fascist bullet. But in Barcelona, he received a short, sharp education in how his anti-fascism, however brave, was not enough. His terrified wife, Eileen, warned him he was in mortal danger: Stalinist forces were hunting down the members of Orwell's quasi-Trotskyist militia, which they smeared as 'fascist' as a deliberate pretext to destroy it. This experience would transform Orwell's politics, and lay the ground for his great dystopian novel.

On his escape from Spain, he denounced the communist campaign to smear and murder their supposed allies against fascism. But crucially, at this point, he was also suspicious of democracy and appeals to defend it, suggesting that: "Fascism and bourgeois 'democracy' are Tweedledum and Tweedledee." For all that he had risked his life to fight fascism, he now retreated towards pacifism – writing that "we are one step nearer to the great war 'against fascism'… which will allow fascism, British variety, to be slipped

John Strachey in 1938. Like many leftists, the future government minister initially saw Marxism as the most effective bulwark against fascism

Abject poverty
Families in 1930s Barnsley. In 1936, Orwell witnessed the slums and misery of the Yorkshire town, an experience that reinforced his belief that capitalism was the enemy of the poor

Mass appeal
Oswald Mosley, right, with Benito Mussolini. For all Mosley's bombast, Orwell was more troubled by a "subtle and sedate" fascist takeover in Britain

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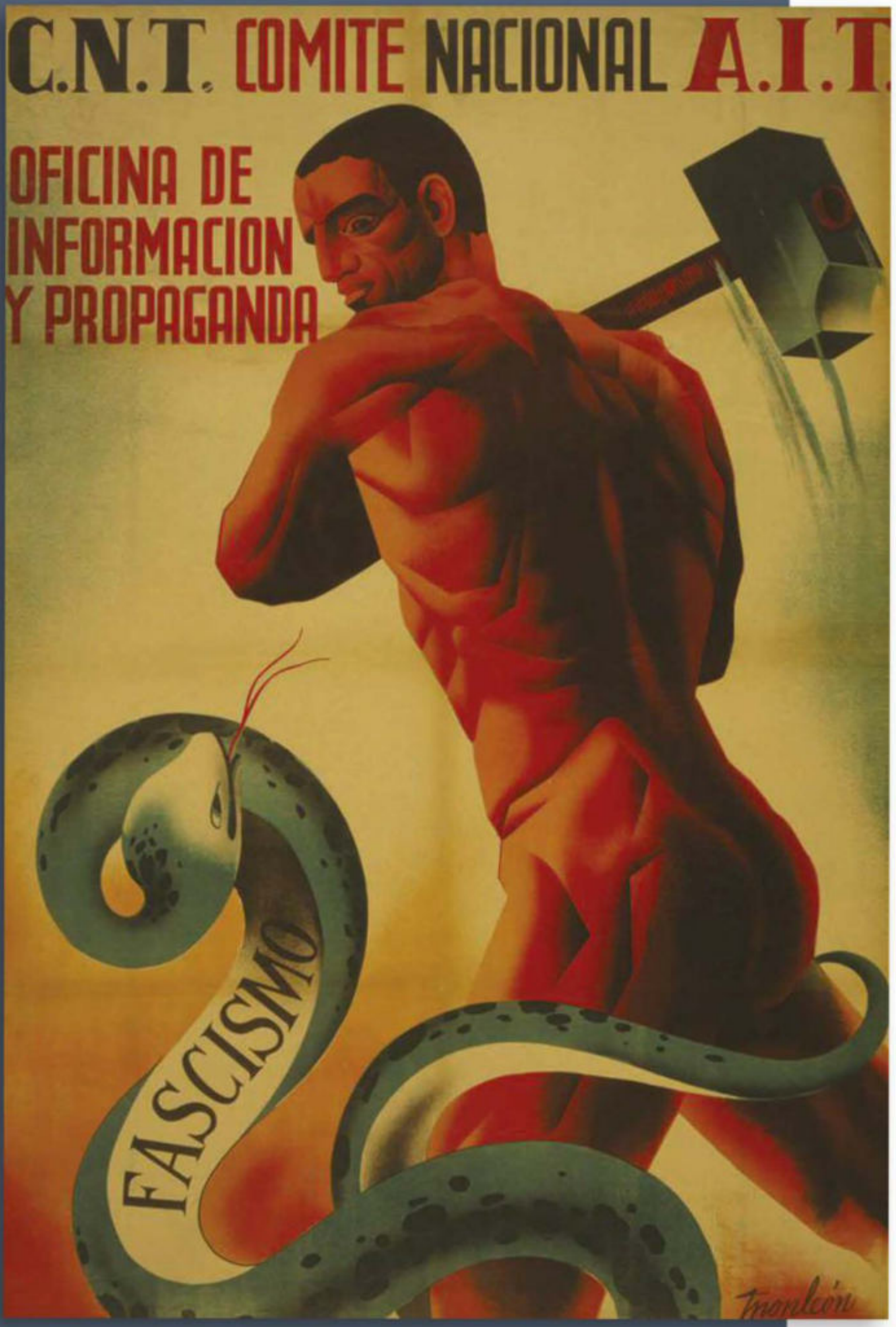
Snake harmer
An anti-fascist poster from an anarcho-syndicalist trade union in Spain, c1936–39. The militia with which Orwell fought in the Spanish Civil War was branded ‘fascist’ and targeted by Stalinist forces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FASCISMO

THE PACT BETWEEN HITLER AND STALIN CONFIRMED TO ORWELL THAT HE HAD ONE ARCH-ENEMY: TOTALITARIANISM

Axis of evil
German foreign minister Joachim von Ribbentrop (right) arrives for talks in Moscow, 1939. The Nazi-Soviet Pact, signed in August 1939, solidified Orwell’s growing suspicions that communism and fascism were different sides of the same totalitarian coin

over our necks during the first week”.

In his despairing 1939 novel *Coming Up for Air*, Orwell torments the book’s antihero George Bowling with visions of how war and its aftermath will bring a form of totalitarianism: “The coloured shirts, the barbed wire, the rubber truncheons. The secret cells where the electric light burns night and day, and the detectives watching you while you sleep. And the processions and the posters with enormous faces, and the crowds of a million people all cheering for the Leader…”

Bowling’s bleak fantasy is triggered by attending a Left Book Club lecture where the anti-fascist speaker seems to want to smash fascist faces in with a spanner. He imagines the lecturer and the handful of young male communists in the audience in a fascist England smashing faces or having theirs smashed, “according to who’s winning”.

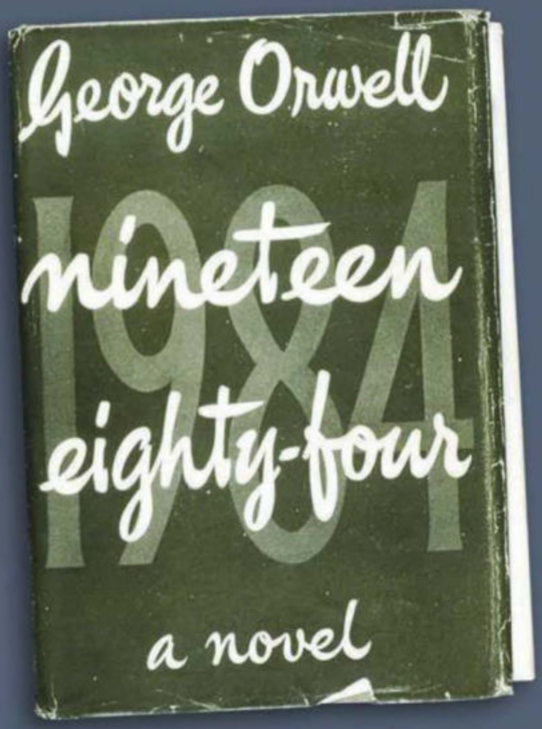
Totalitarian twins

Coming Up for Air was published in June 1939. In August came news of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Orwell was forced to re-examine whether it was really democracy that was Tweedledum to fascism’s Tweedledee. In Spain he had nearly been killed by fascist and communist alike. Hitler and Stalin’s pact confirmed he had one arch-enemy: totalitarianism. That January, in a review of a book called *Russia Under Soviet Rule*, he had recognised that, even before Stalin took power, the Bolsheviks’ “essential act” had been “the rejection of democracy”.

The pact meant war within days. Orwell decided fighting fascism and defending democracy was not just propaganda after all. His pacifist and anarchist friends were astonished that he suddenly came out in favour of what they still condemned as a pointless defence of capitalism and imperialism. In January 1940, he wrote to Victor Gollancz: “What worries me at present is the uncertainty as to whether the ordinary people in countries like England grasp the difference between democracy and despotism well enough to want to defend their liberties.”

Yet until recently, Orwell had struggled with that difference himself. On 4 May 1940, as the threat of Nazi invasion intensified, he explained: “Until the signing of the Russo-German pact, the assumption made on both sides was that… National Socialism was simply capitalism with the lid off.” That, he said, had been “the official theory, proved in many a pamphlet by Mr John Strachey”.

Not any more. Strachey – like Gollancz –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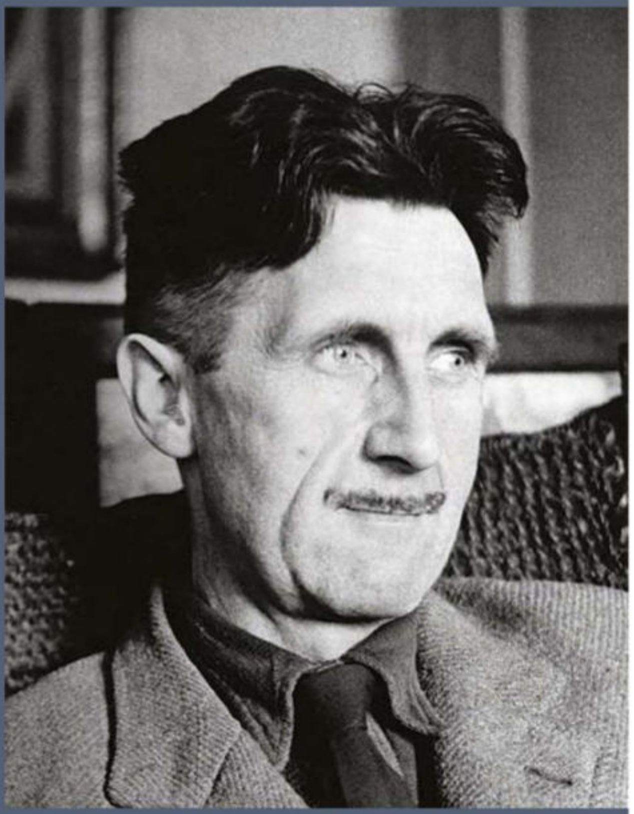

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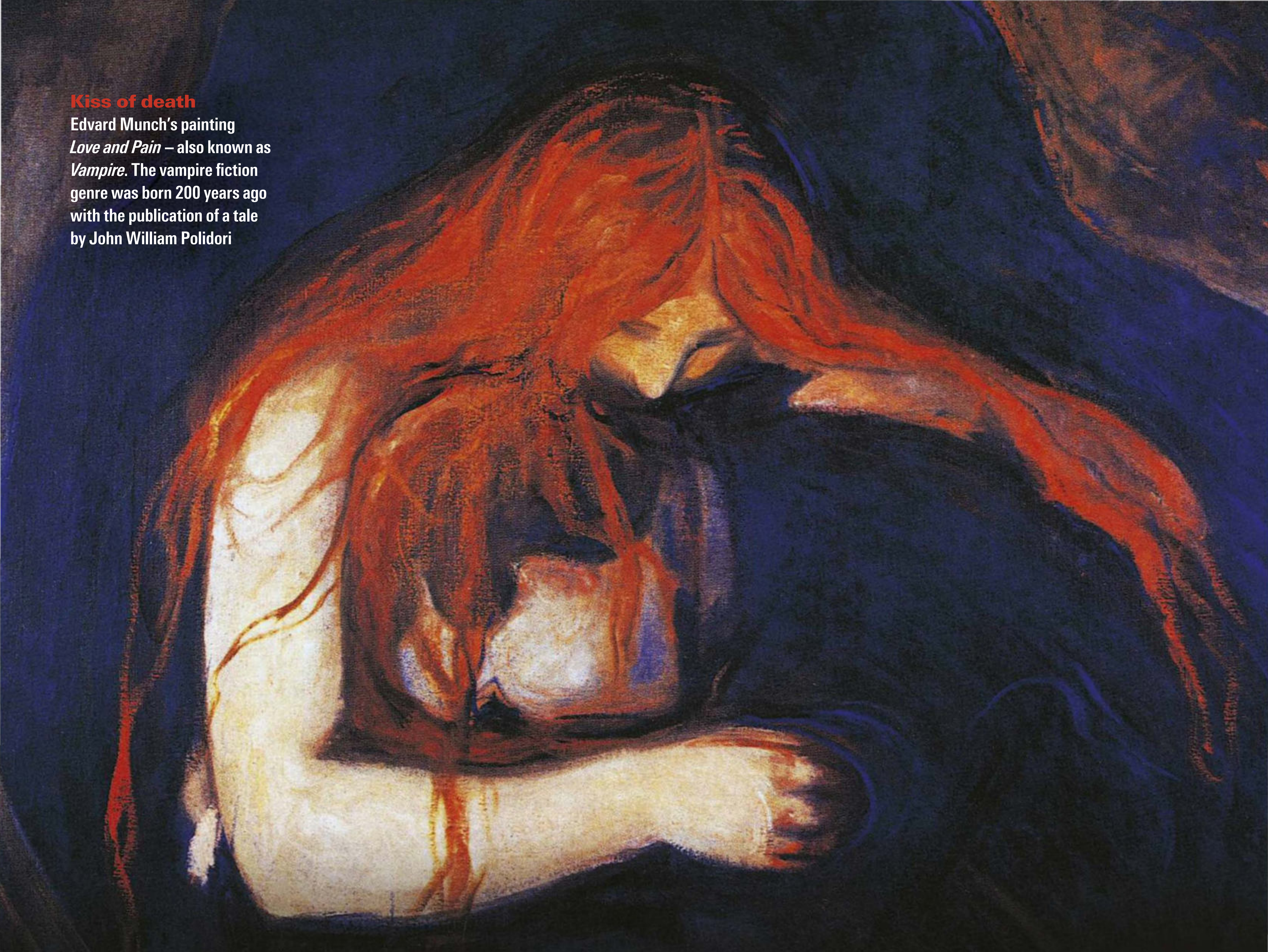

Kiss of death
Edvard Munch's painting *Love and Pain* – also known as *Vampire*. The vampire fiction genre was born 200 years ago with the publication of a tale by John William Polidori

"Upon her neck was blood… to this the men pointed, crying with horror, 'A Vampyre!'"

Complements a new three-part drama series, *Dracula*, on BBC One

With a new adaptation of *Dracula* set to be aired on BBC One, **Richard Sugg** takes us back 200 years to the unholy birth of 'vampotainment' – in a horror story contest on the shores of Lake Geneva, featuring the greatest poets of the age…

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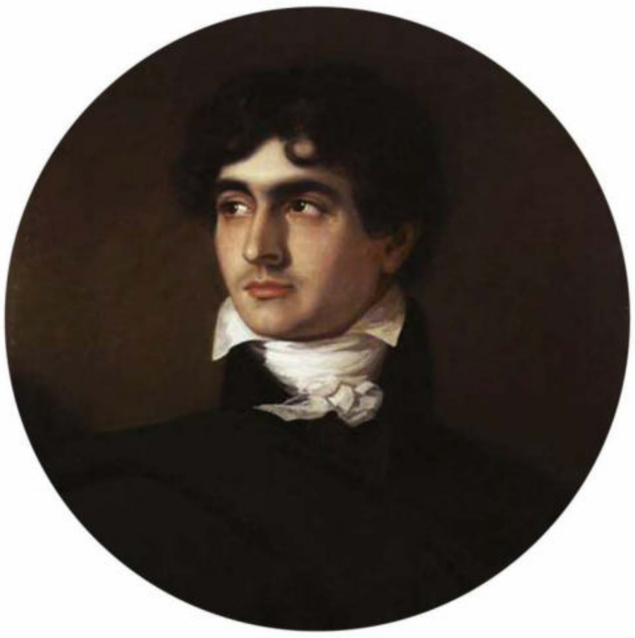

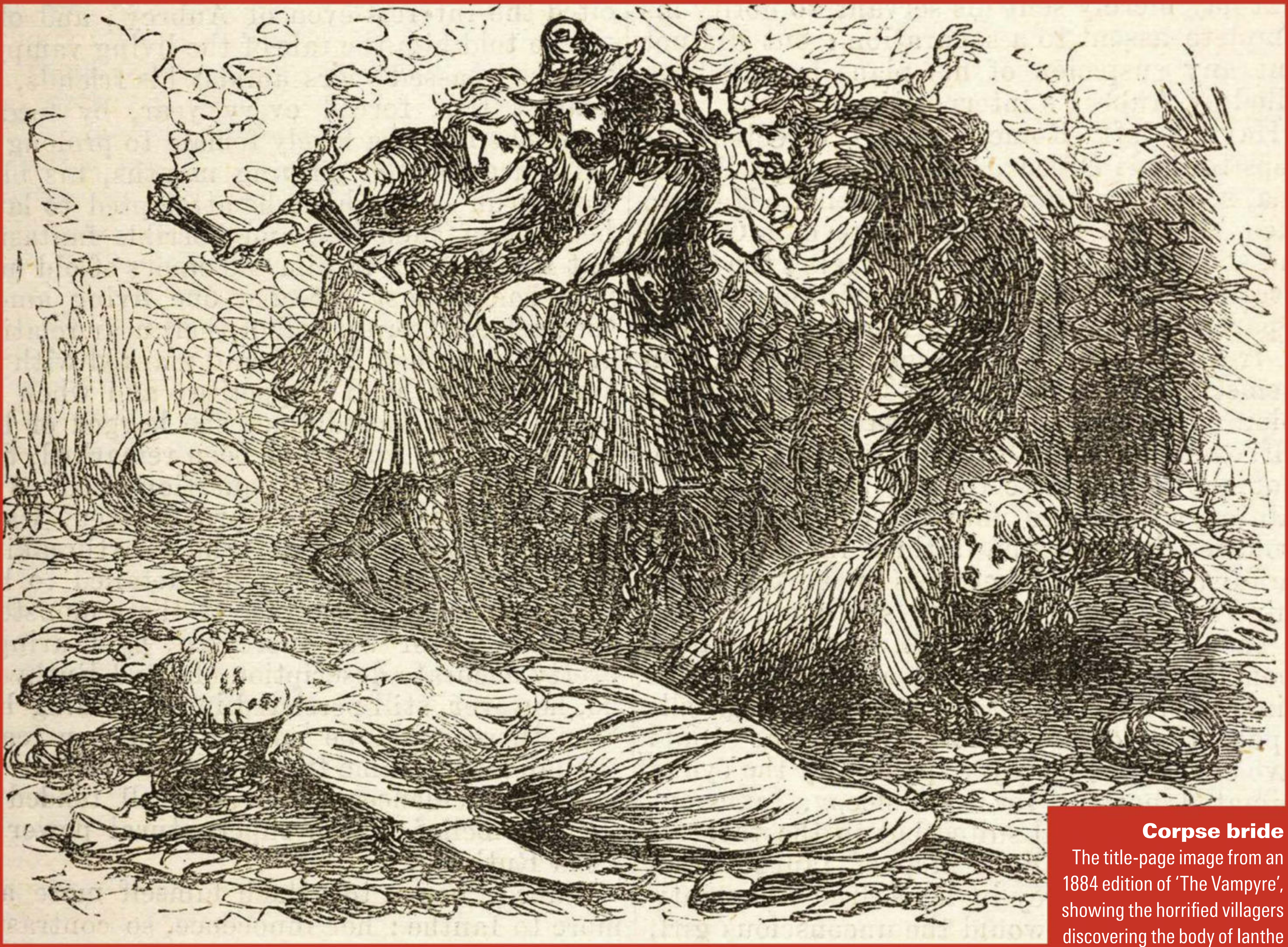

Corpse bride

The title-page image from an 1884 edition of 'The Vampyre', showing the horrified villagers discovering the body of Ianthe

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amount of implied sexuality in Ruthven's seduction of his female victim. Delightfully, this involves a magical trick, in which any woman falls helplessly in love with Ruthven the moment he touches her. "Heavens! how strange a thrill runs through my frame!" Lady Margaret exclaims at this Midas moment, with Ruthven gloating, *sotto voce*, "Then she's mine!" Secondly, rather than simply seducing and devouring his female foodstuffs, this Regency-era vampire is obliged to marry them first. And thirdly, the stage Ruthven, forced by raw nature to feed on virgin blood, also develops qualms of conscience about his "disgusting banquet". True to the class politics of the day, he initially attempts to devour a humble servant girl, Effie, rather than the worthy Lady Margaret.

Beauty, sex and horror

This was, of course, a very different time from those that produced the screen Draculas of Bela Lugosi, Christopher Lee and Gary Oldman. For one thing, Byron himself – for some years a byword for scandal to many in Britain – had by this point strayed still further into taboo, traumatising even devoted admirers with the highly sexualised *Don Juan*. For another, existing reviews of *The Bride* suggest that, to audiences of the 1820s, the play genuinely succeeded in fusing beauty, sex and horror. Scenery, lighting and special effects were all state of the art. The noted critic William Hazlitt, for example, was ravished by the "fairy glory" of the moonlight scene in which Ruthven appears to die.

And the play's climax, finally, manages to interweave horror with a Hollywood-style happy ending. In Polidori's original, Ruthven preyed unchecked throughout, ultimately devouring Aubrey's own sister at the close. In the play, Ruthven has until sundown on a set date to munch his bride, after which he will die. Thwarted by the good Scots and robbed of his supper, he is yanked through a trapdoor in the midst of a wild midnight storm. This, of course, had been done for a long time on English stages, with Dr Faustus being the most famous victim of the hell-mouth device over the previous 200 years. But the speed and cunning of the new 'vampire trap' was such that it left audiences breathless in 1820. So great was its success that it was reused in numerous other plays for years after – to the point where jaded critics began to deride melodramas that were merely "all smoke and mirrors and vampire traps".

There was also one other secret magic ingredient in this original vampire romp – for the actor who played Ruthven in early stagings was none other than TP Cooke. Cooke was a star of his day, a kind of Regency Harrison Ford who excelled at playing action heroes – and who, neatly enough, would also go on to play Frankenstein's monster on stage three years later. By the time Cooke donned the vampire's kilt, he was already so famous that some marketing wizard was selling him to the public in the form of pottery figurines.

Was Cooke a celebrity? For some time now, the modern celebrity has seemed as indispensable to our world as the modern vampire. But many would argue that it too is around 200 years old – partly because celebrity as we know it depends on innovations in transport and communication, allowing the latest news of the stars to move fast and wide. Many would also claim that Byron was himself the first modern celebrity.

From this heady mix of ingredients, the

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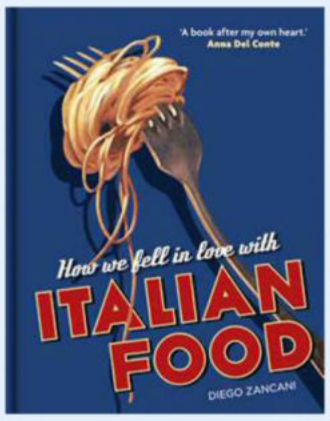
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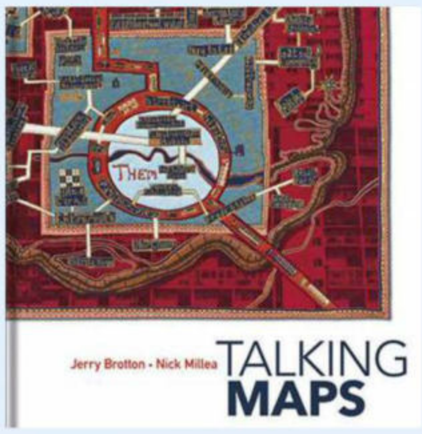
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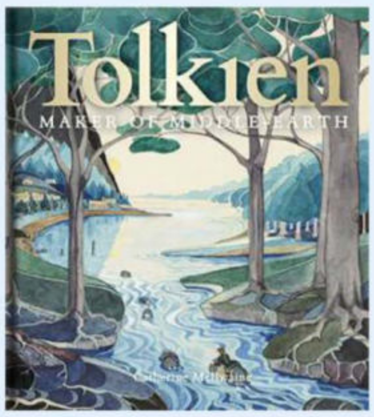
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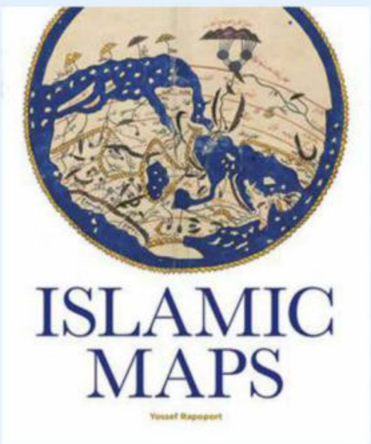
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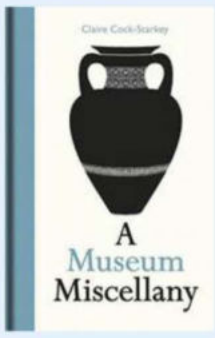
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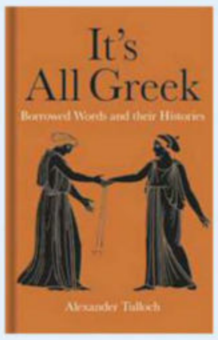
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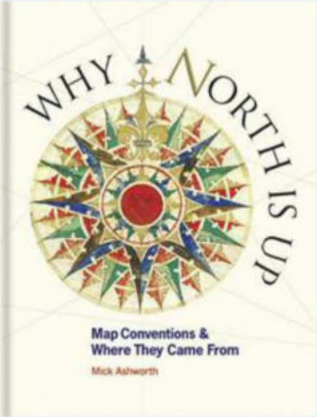
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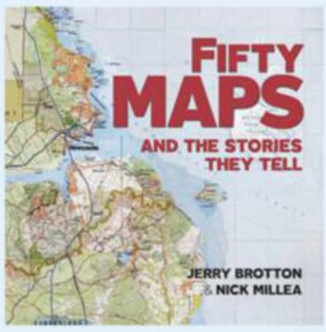
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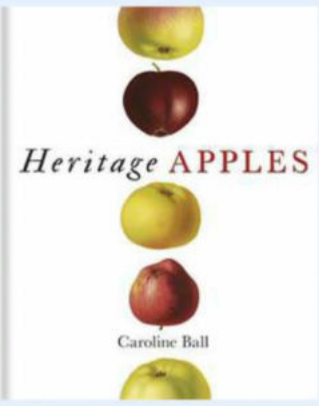
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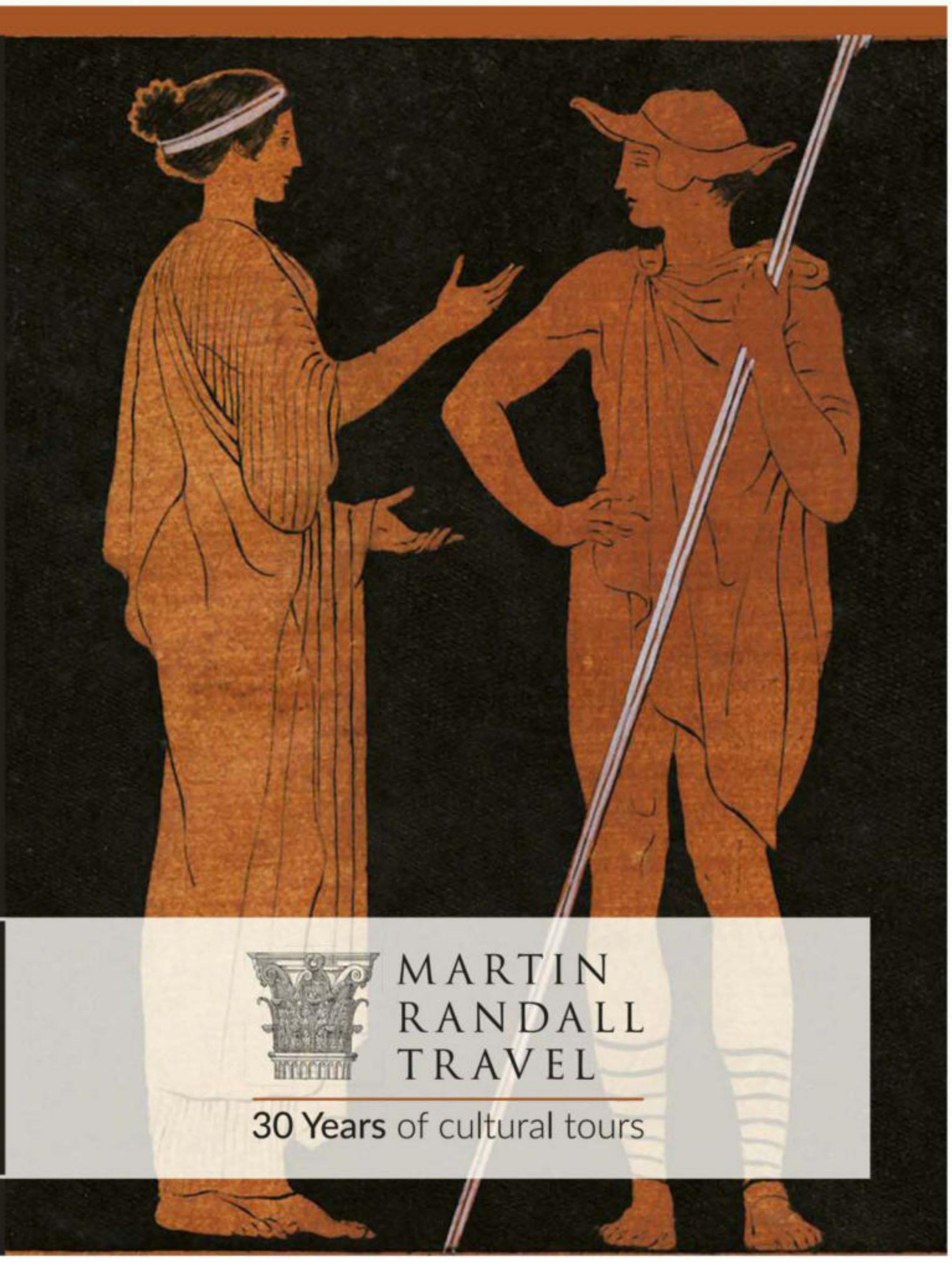

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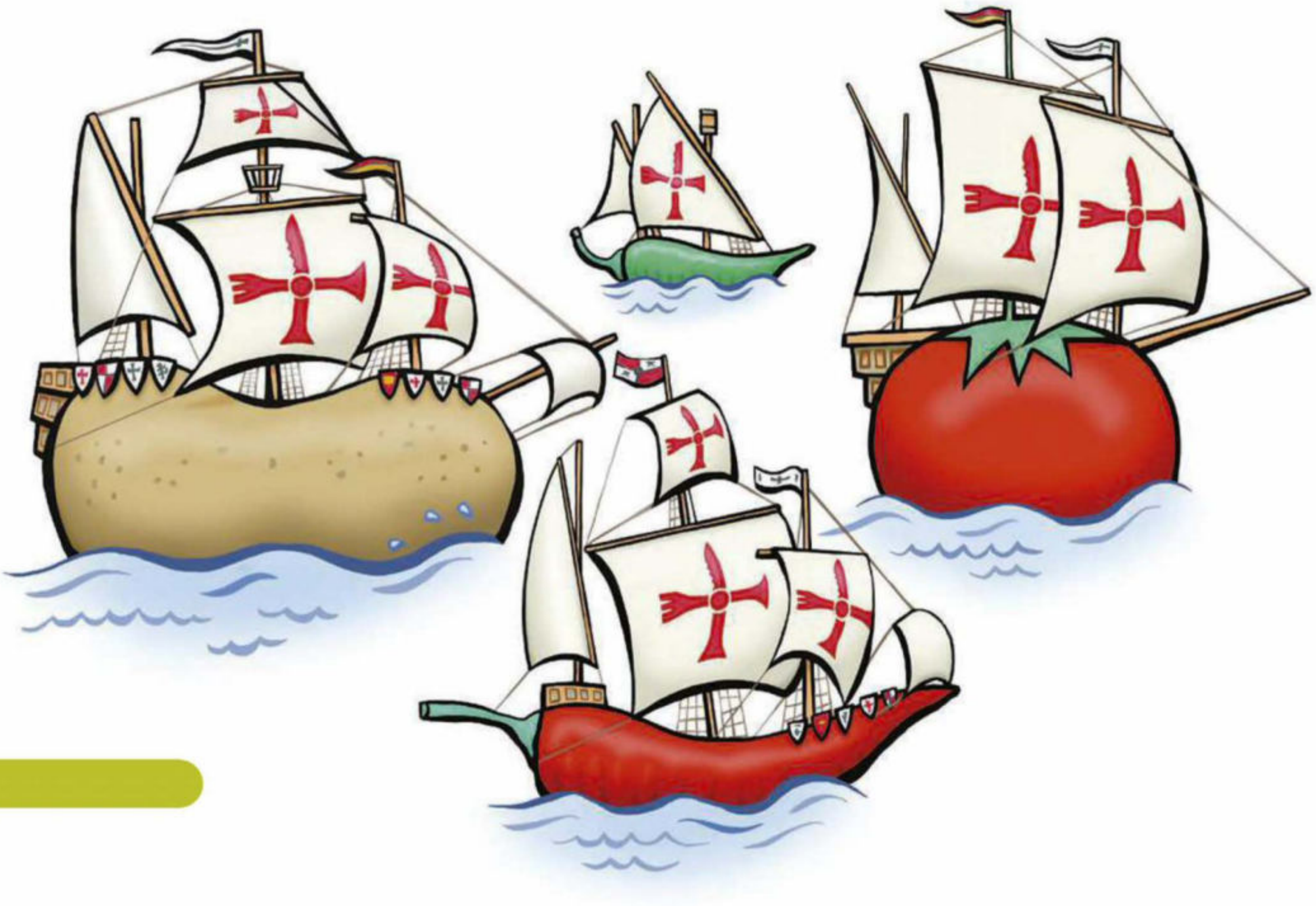


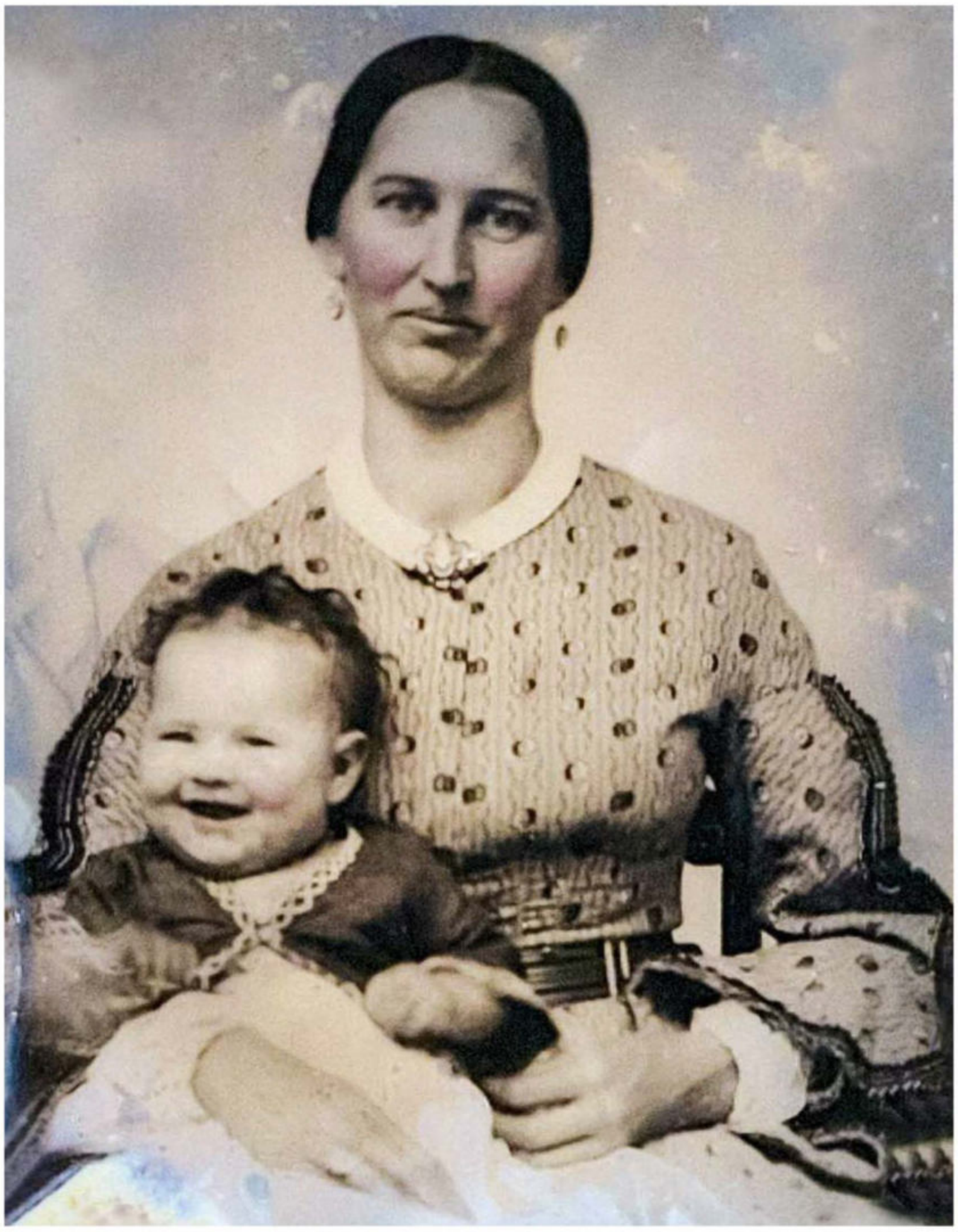
Childish humour

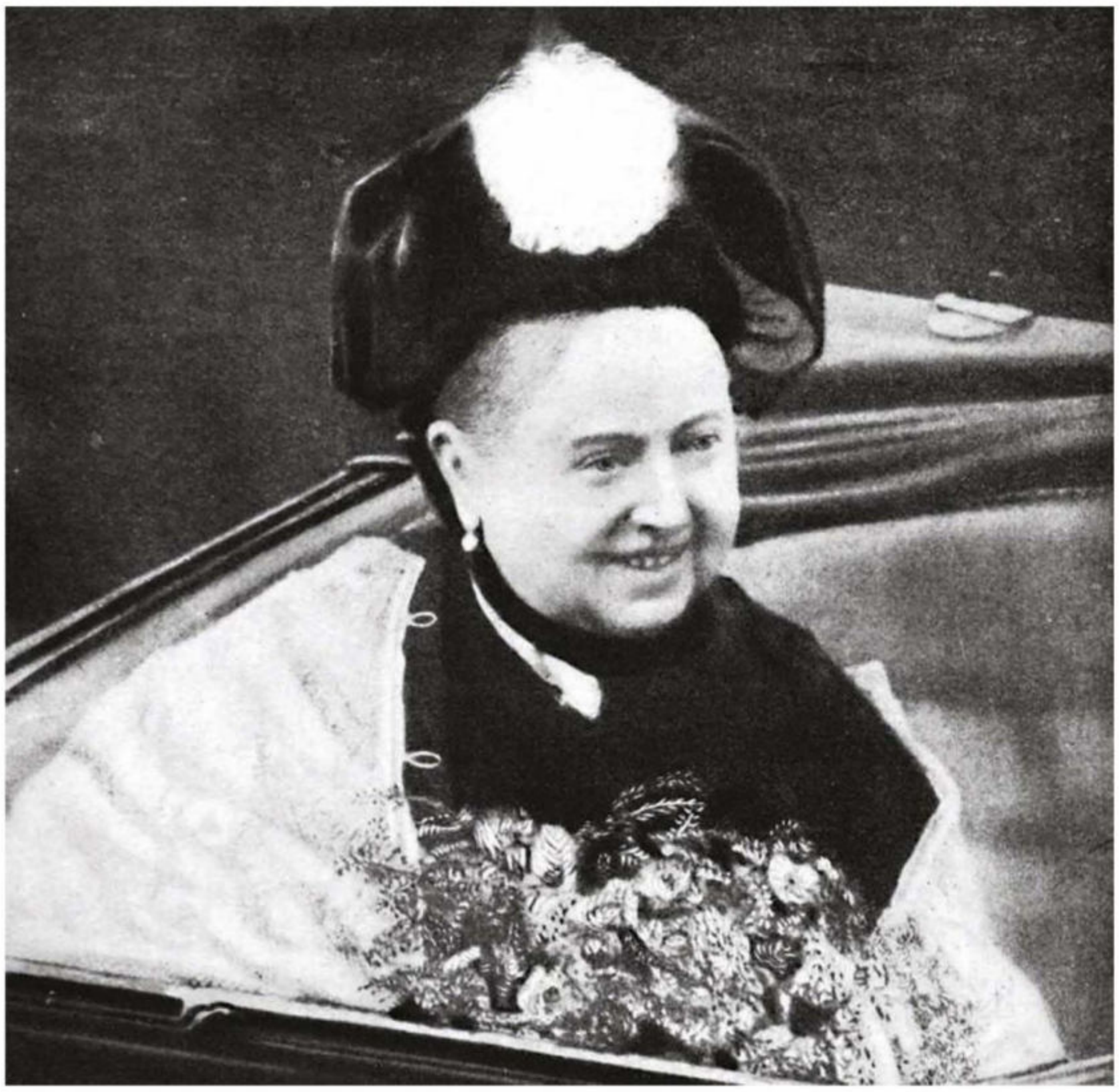
c1865

This hand-tinted photograph captures the moment a big, happy baby, comfortable on its mother's lap, laughs. The photographer captures the mother's delightful smirk, a demi-smile described by Dickens as being used "by private ladies… who don't care so much about looking clever".

The happy bond between mother and child was at the centre of the Victorian phenomenon of child-idolisation (think Lewis Carroll's obsession with Alice, the daughter of Henry George Liddell, and the inspiration for *Alice in Wonderland*).

Yet, as Dickens lays bare in *Great Expectations*, not all children were lucky enough to enjoy such a bond. "As I never saw my father or my mother," recalls the novel's hero, Pip, "and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones…"





The smiling queen

July 1887

Queen Victoria smiles from her carriage during the celebrations marking her golden jubilee in Newport on the Isle of Wight. The queen's mournful legacy masks a wicked humour and a passion for salacious gossip. Her "We are not amused" put-down may have been addressed to Sir Arthur Bigge, a man said to have been notorious for his crass jokes. When he told one of them in front of a squirming royal household, the queen spoke on behalf of them all and told him to be quiet. But she was not using the royal 'we'; Victoria simply meant that *nobody* found Sir Arthur funny.

On another occasion, the queen was sitting next to an elderly admiral at a dinner. Victoria asked him about the progress of repairs to the hull of an old ship, but the admiral did not quite hear her. And so she shifted the conversation: "And how is your sister?" "Ah," he replied, realising what Victoria had originally asked, "She'll be fine, ma'am, when we turn her over and scrape the barnacles off her bottom." The queen was convulsed with laughter and had to hide her face in a handkerchief.

BRIDGEMAN/ COURTESY ANN LONGMORE-ETHERIDGE COLLECTION

A kiss beneath the mistletoe

c1880

An unknown elderly couple – probably husband and wife – pose for the camera at Christmastime. Her broad smile gives no hint of teeth; the probability is that she did not have many. The most common cure for toothache and other dental problems was extraction – and caps, fillings or other fixes to make chipped or broken teeth more aesthetically pleasing were either unknown or not widely available. In fact, it was not until 1921 that the practice of dentistry was limited to those who were professionally trained and qualified.

> **Her broad smile gives no hint of teeth; the probability is that she did not have many**

NEWSDOG MEDIA/PUBLIC DOMAIN

Goofing around

c1897

Two women, both wearing smart walking suits, stand nonchalantly on the beam of a wooden sty or fence. They are accompanied by a gentleman gripping the hem of his trousers and raising his leg high in an athletic stunt.

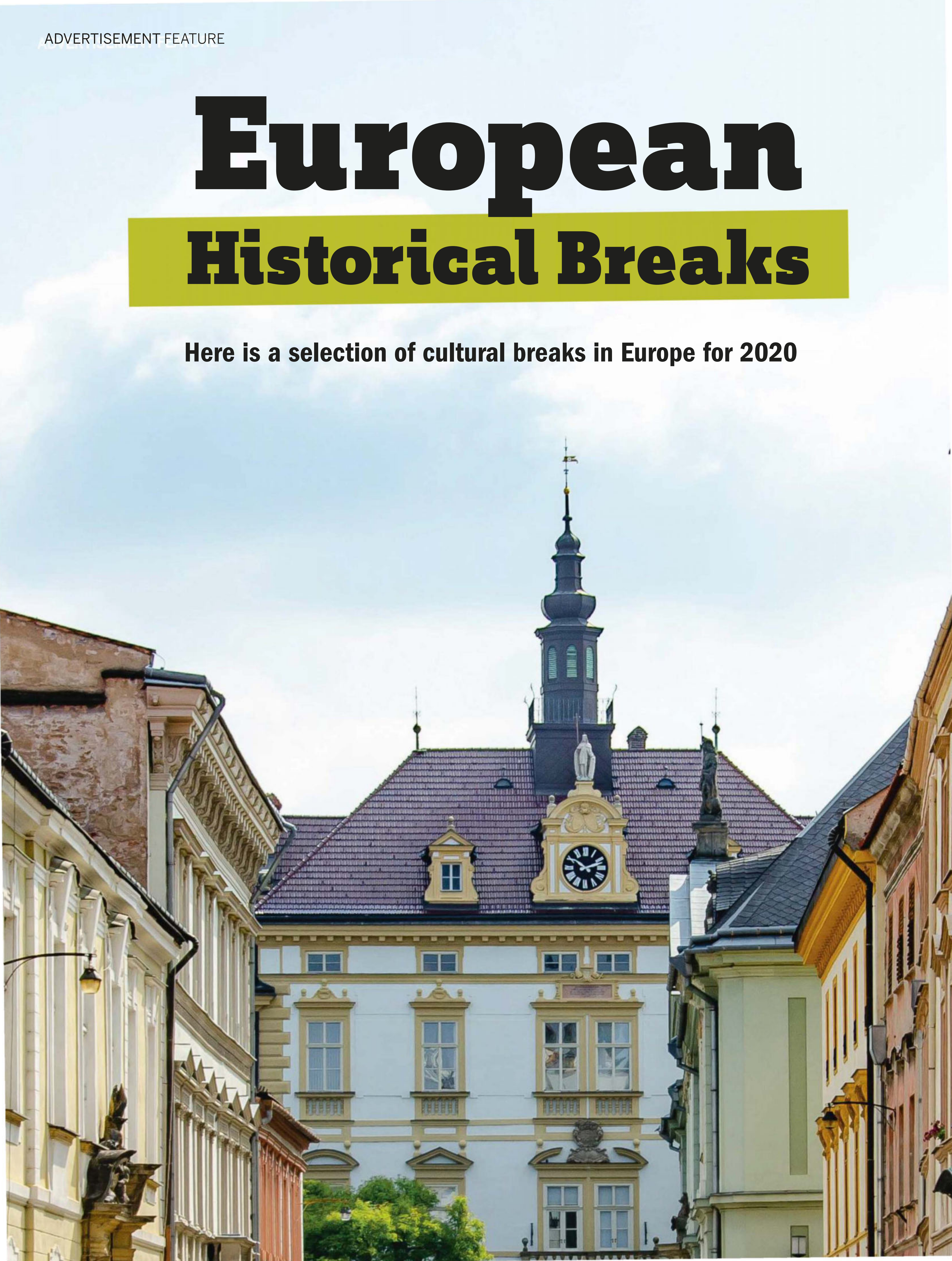
Victorian humour was based largely on physical slapstick of the kind popularised in music hall acts or circus clowning, combined with wordplay and riddles. Typical 'jokes' of the late 19th century ran like this: "If all the seas were dried up, what would Neptune say? I really haven't got a notion." And, of course: "Who is the greatest chicken-killer in Shakespeare? Macbeth, because he did murder most fowl." H

Professor Lloyd Llewellyn-Jones is a historian based at Cardiff University. You can see more of his images of happy Victorians on Twitter at *#SmilingVictorians*

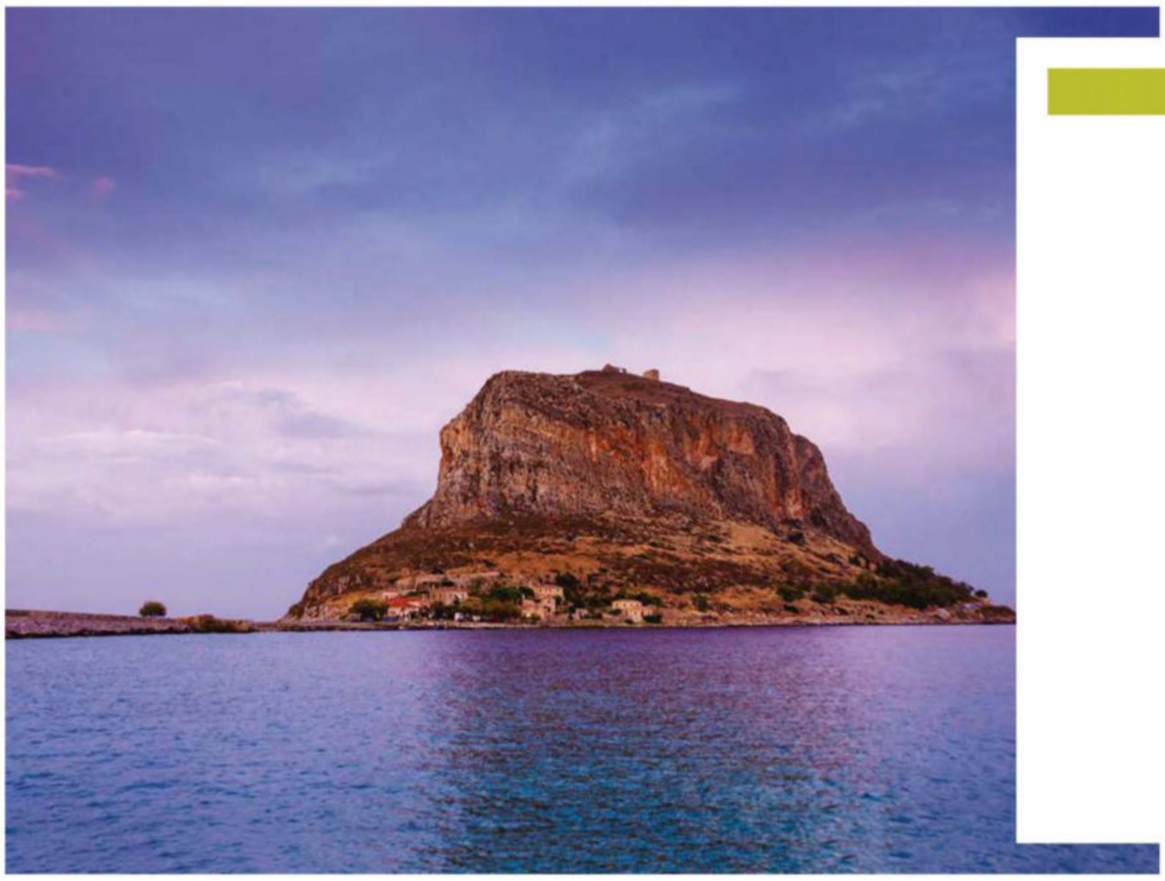
European

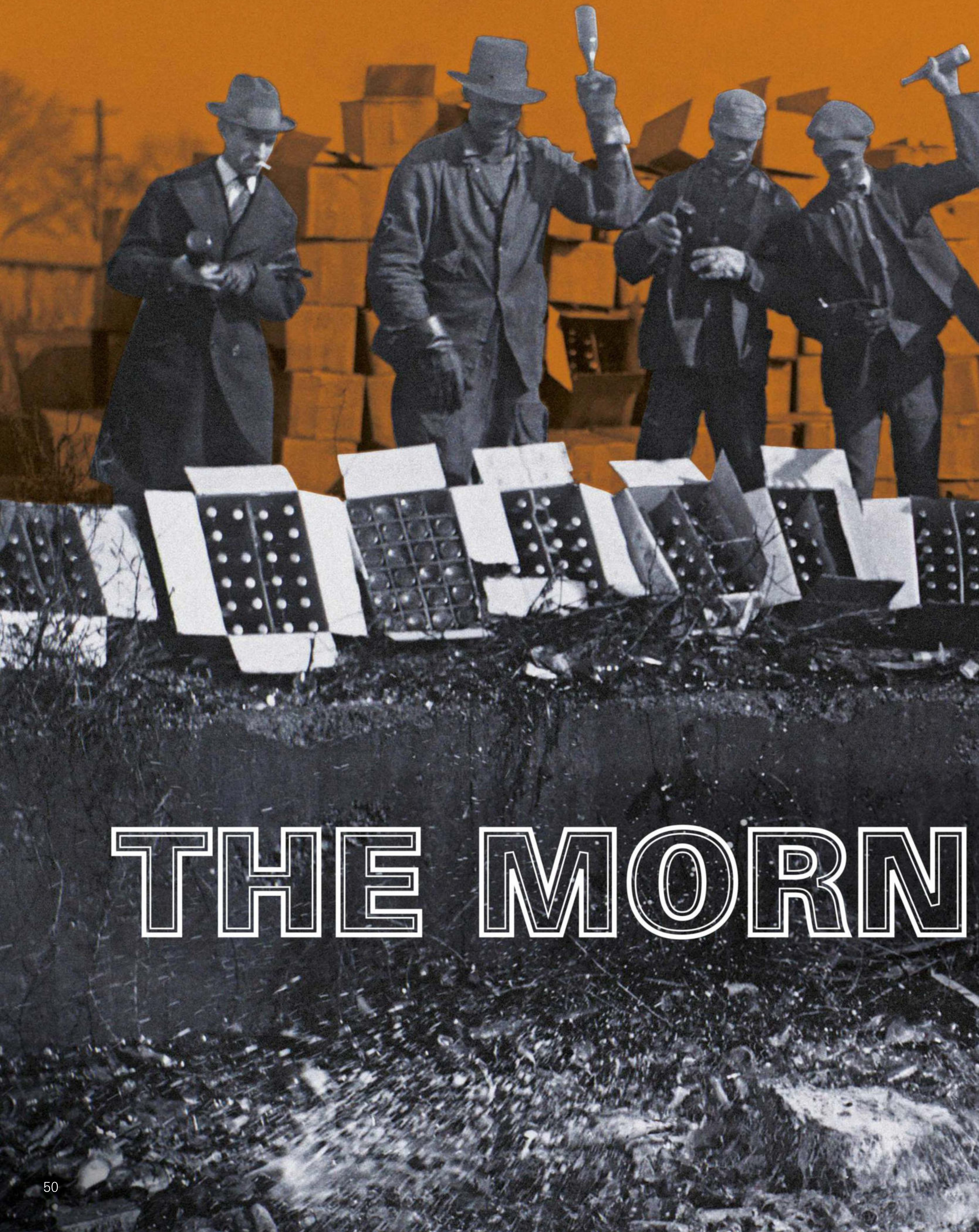
Historical Breaks

Here is a selection of cultural breaks in Europe for 2020



BBOB
BEYOND BAND OF BROTHERS





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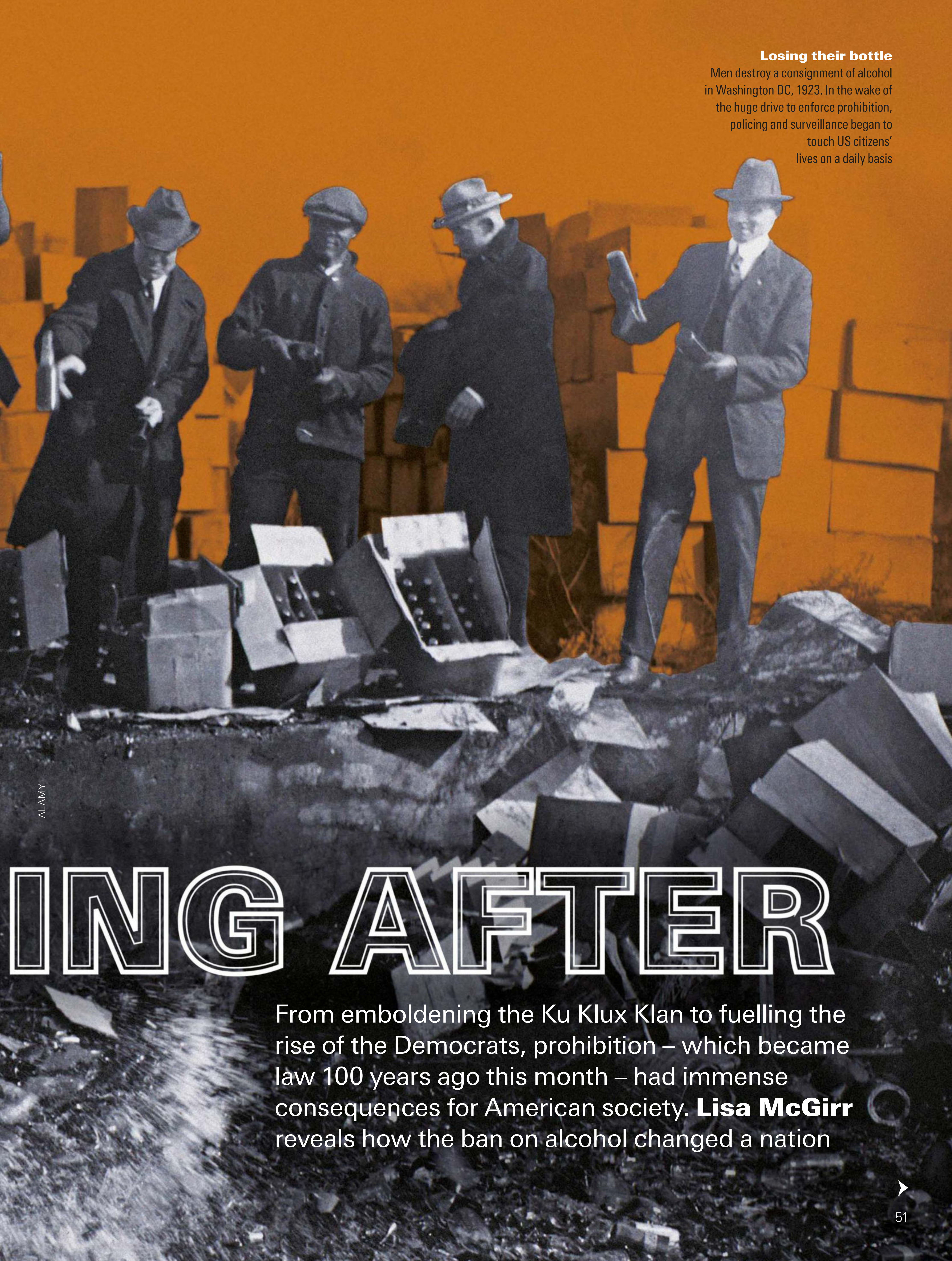

Losing their bottle
Men destroy a consignment of alcohol in Washington DC, 1923. In the wake of the huge drive to enforce prohibition, policing and surveillance began to touch US citizens' lives on a daily basis

ALAMY

ING AFTER

From emboldening the Ku Klux Klan to fuelling the rise of the Democrats, prohibition – which became law 100 years ago this month – had immense consequences for American society. **Lisa McGirr** reveals how the ban on alcohol changed a nation

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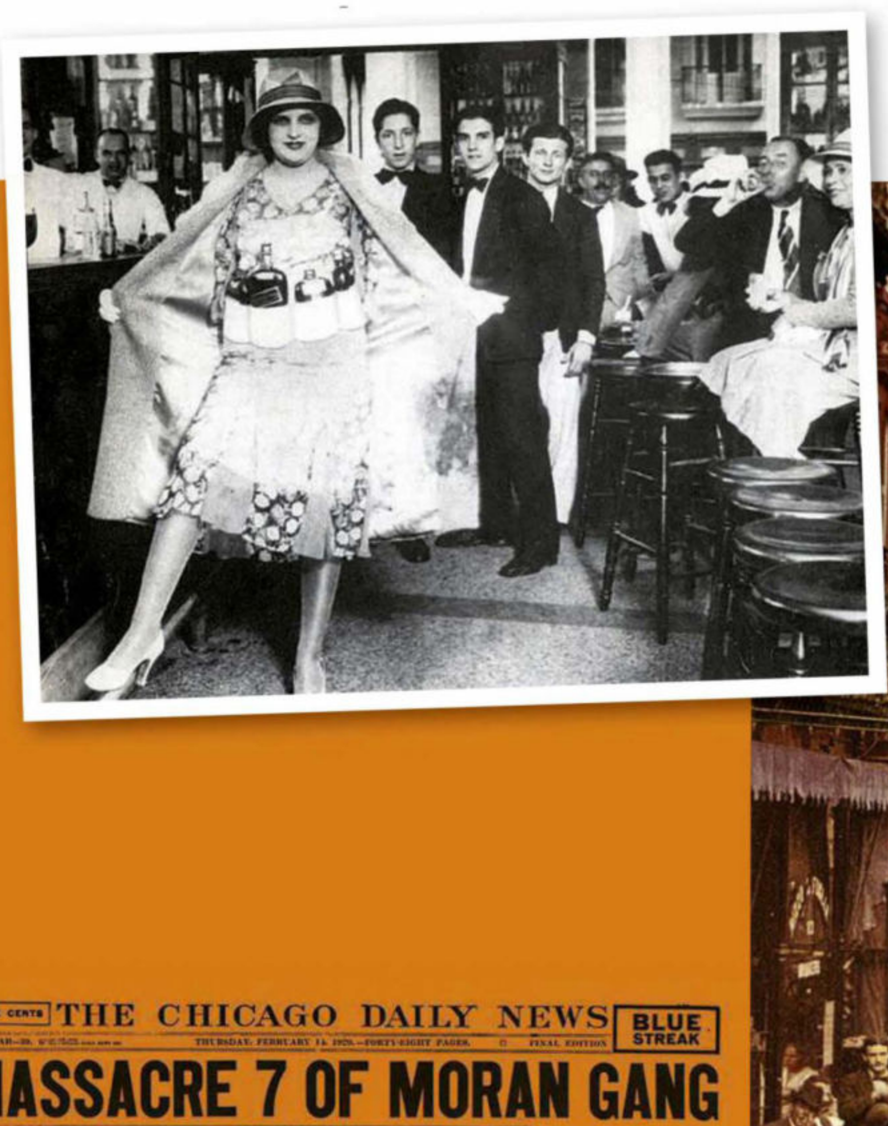

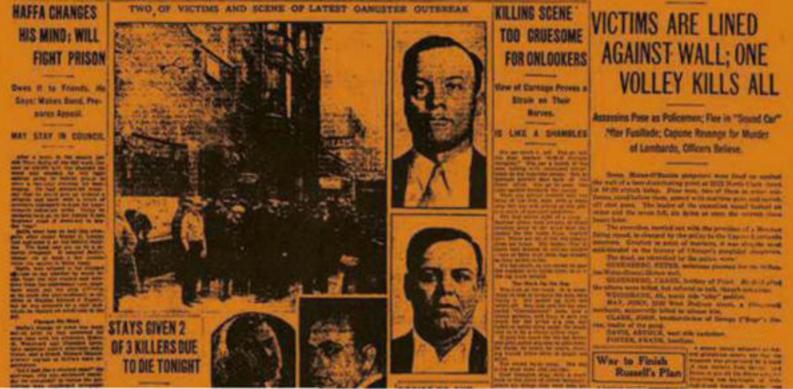

THREE CENTS THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS BLUE STREAK

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1929.—FORTY-EIGHT PAGES. FINAL EDITION

MASSACRE 7 OF MORAN GANG

HAFFA CHANGES HIS MIND; WILL FIGHT PRISON

MAY STAY IN COUNCIL

TWO OF VICTIMS AND SCENE OF LATEST GANGSTER OUTBREAK

KILLING SCENE TOO GRUESOME FOR ONLOOKERS

View of Carnage Proves a Strain on Their Nerves.

IS LIKE A SHAMBLES

VICTIMS ARE LINED AGAINST WALL; ONE VOLLEY KILLS ALL

Assassins Pose as Policemen; Flee in "Squad Car" After Fusillade; Capone Revenge for Murder of Lombardo, Officers Believe.

STAYS GIVEN 2 OF 3 KILLERS DUE TO DIE TONIGHT

Way to Finish Russell's Plan

the cause. With the large brewing companies controlled by German immigrants, the Anti-Saloon League championed the abolition of the "un-American… home-wrecking, treasonable liquor traffic" as a patriotic duty. That sense of duty was enough to secure the legislation the extra votes it required – and the 18th Amendment finally passed through Congress in December 1917.

Bullish predictions

"It is here at last!" proclaimed the prohibitionist crusader William Anderson when the legislation finally came into effect in January 1920. "Now for a new era of clean thinking and clean living!"

John Kramer, the first US prohibition commissioner, was equally bullish: "This law will be obeyed in cities, large and small, and in villages, and where it is not obeyed it will be enforced . . . We shall see that [liquor] is not manufactured. Nor sold, nor given away, nor hauled in anything on the surface of the earth or under the earth or in the air." Though Kramer's hopes were dashed, the very attempt to enforce prohibition pushed the federal government in the direction of policing and surveillance, vastly expanding federal authority, and marking the American state in indelible and permanent ways.

Prohibition ushered in a new role for the federal government in the lives of everyday Americans. Before 1920, outside of wartime, most Americans encountered the federal government only through visits to their local post office. Now, it touched all citizens' everyday lives, leading to a contentious decade-long debate over government's proper scope and authority. The Prohibition Bureau, elephantine in size, established the nation's first large-scale federal police force. Congress also provided new muscle for the Coast Guard, the Customs Bureau, and the spanking new Border Patrol, all agencies involved with prohibition enforcement. Efforts at enforcement at the federal, state and local level led to a spike in imprisonment. The number of prisoners in federal facilities tripled from 1920 to 1930 and close to doubled again from 1930 to 1940. In fact, such was the spike in prison numbers that, in Texas in 1930, prison officials refused to take any more inmates until the authorities promised new facilities to house them.

But these prisons weren't filled with the likes of Arnold Rothstein and Al Capone. With federal and state officials having neither the resources, nor sometimes the will, to go after the powerful crime kingpins who capitalised ruthlessly on the ban on alcohol, they filled their case books by targeting small, marginal violators. This selective enforcement was the dark underside of what has been misnamed the 'roaring twenties'. In working-class communities – whether in mining camps in rural Illinois or Oklahoma, in urban Chicago, or in the new cities of the south such as Richmond – poor men and women experienced countless raids, invasions of their homes, arrests, fines and imprisonment. Ormond Montini, an Italian-origin Pittsburgh steelworker, recalled police raiding homes with sledgehammers, busting up the wine that many local families produced. "They'd just come and break your door down. They didn't need search [warrants]… We didn't know any better."

Meanwhile, wealthier Americans, more protected from the draconian arm of the law, could drink to excess in protected spaces operated by organised criminals. The escapades of this small band of men and women, who patronised mixed-sex and mixed-raced venues in cities like New York and Chicago, reverberated through smaller towns and cities through Hollywood movie plots, radio, tabloid newspapers and iconic novels such as F Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby.*

Concerns over immigration, urbanisation and the erosion of the cultural dominance of Anglo-Saxon Protestantism that had

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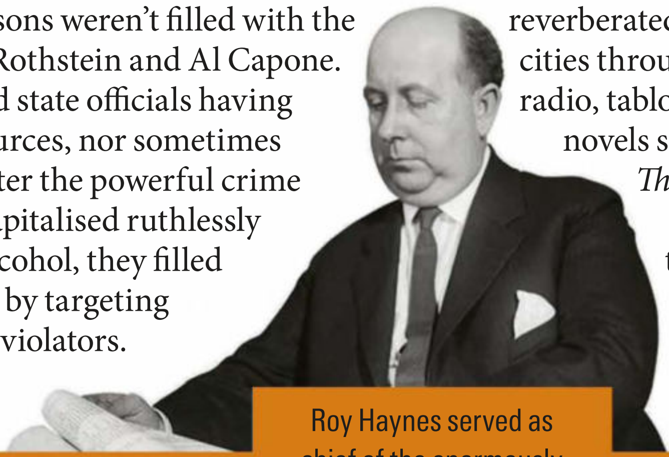
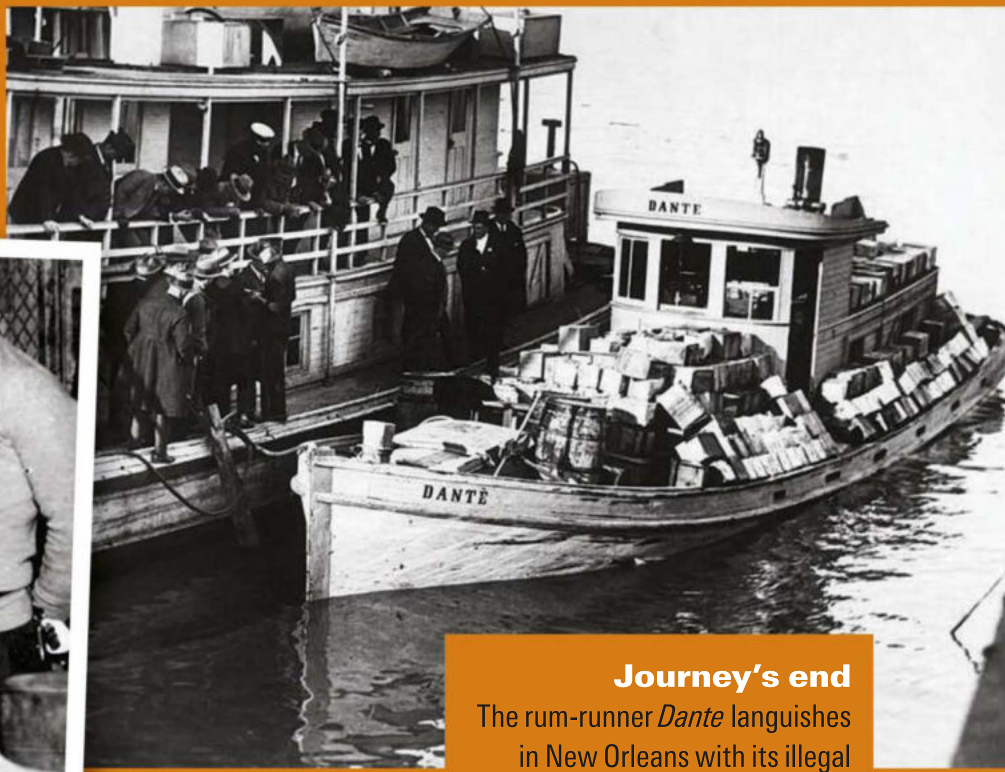


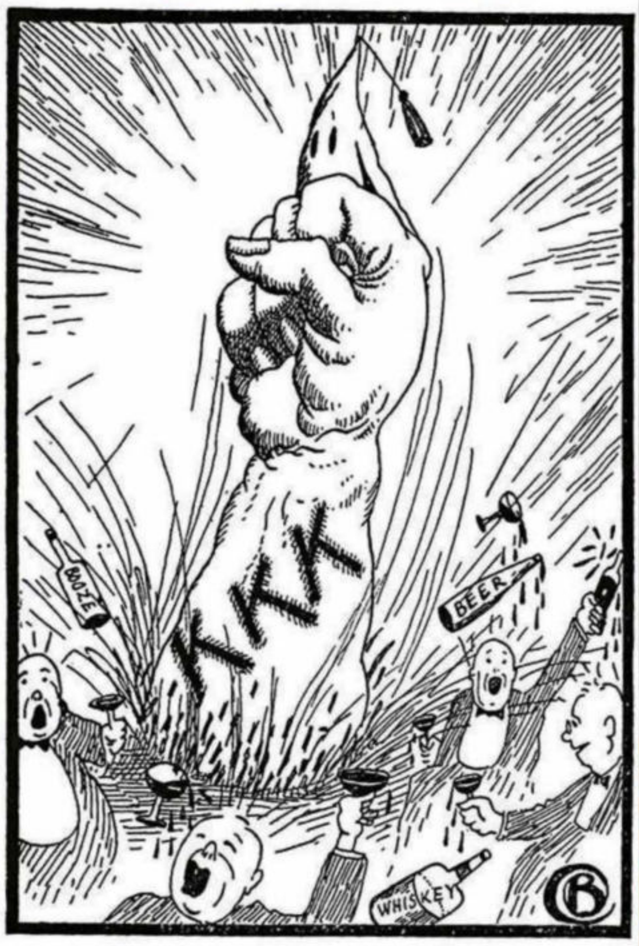
Roy Haynes served as chief of the enormously powerful Prohibition Bureau from 1921–27

Melting pot
A New York street, c1900. As immigration soared at the turn of the century, anti-liquor campaigners called for prohibition with greater urgency

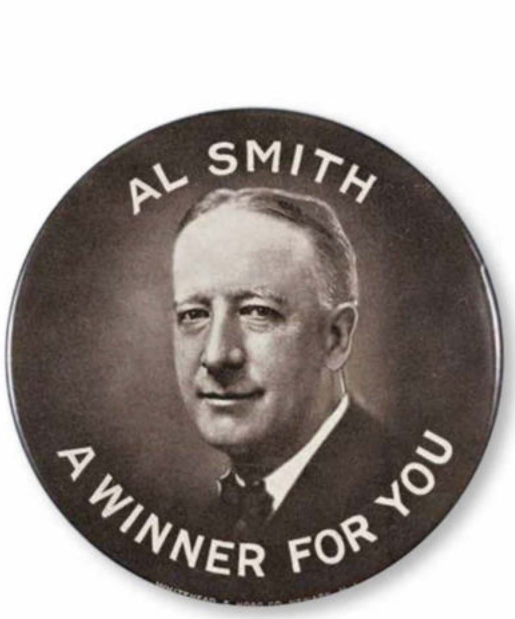
Caught in the act?
Police with men suspected of brewing hooch in New York, 1925. It was claimed – with little evidence – that foreigners were largely responsible for alcohol violations



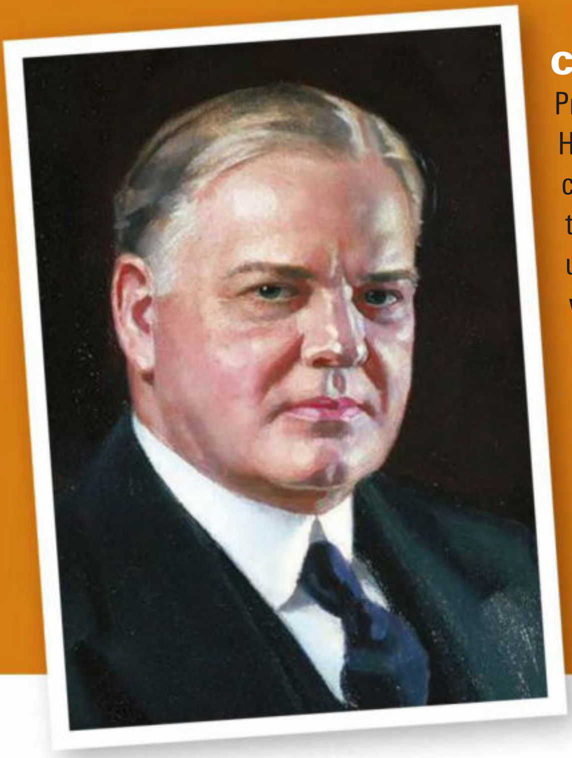
Journey's end
The rum-runner *Dante* languishes in New Orleans with its illegal cargo following a raid in 1925. Law enforcement agencies gained substantial new powers during prohibition


KKK
BOOZE
BEER
WHISKEY
B

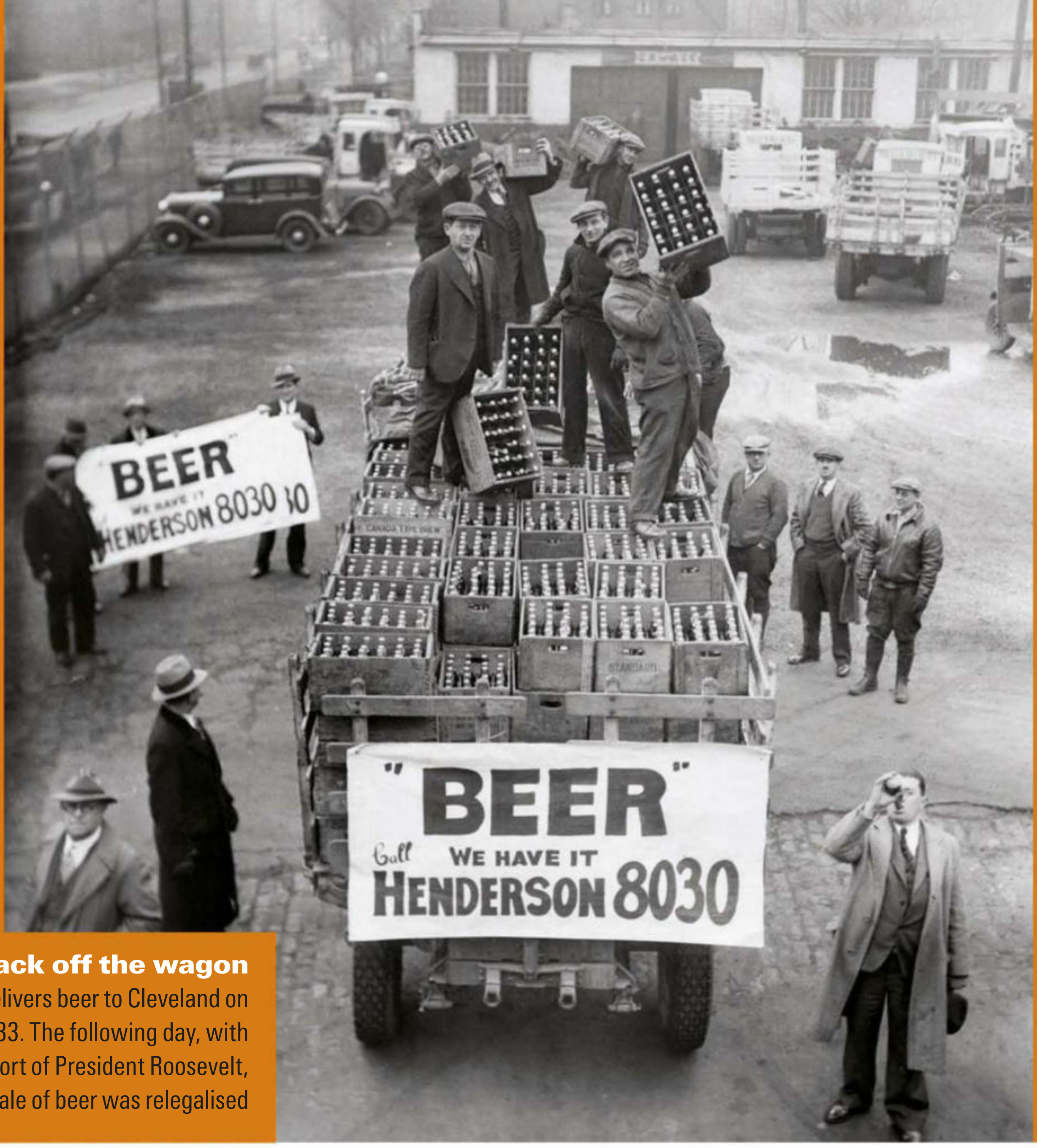
THE DEFENDER OF THE 18TH AMENDMENT


AL SMITH
A WINNER FOR YOU

The war on alcohol was over, but the expansion of state authority that the war had set in motion could not be unpicked so easily



Clean-up act
President Herbert Hoover made crime-fighting a top priority but ultimately lost the war on alcohol



Back off the wagon
A lorry delivers beer to Cleveland on 6 April 1933. The following day, with the support of President Roosevelt, the sale of beer was relegalised

presidency. At the head of the Democratic party ticket, Smith raised the banner flag of prohibition opposition, and championed pluralism and tolerance. Though Herbert Hoover beat Smith easily, with Republicans attacking the twin evils of "Rum and Romanism", the ethnic, urban working-class voters that Smith brought to the Democratic party for the first time stayed there, forging an important part of Franklin D Roosevelt's New Deal coalition.

Alarming disobedience

On 4 March 1929, just weeks after the St Valentine's massacre, Herbert Hoover stood at the capitol before a great throng to celebrate his inauguration. The new president wasted no time in identifying the first critical business of the nation as the "failure of our system of criminal justice". The "most malign danger of all these dangers" facing the nation, he averred, was "disregard and disobedience of law". The disobedience, growth of organised crime and abuses of law enforcement – all consequences of prohibition – were nothing less than challenges to the legitimacy of the US state.

Hoover's speech was a watershed. Never before in US history had a president identified crime as a problem of national concern in n inaugural address. He leveraged the national obsession over crime to wage war against it, building the edifice of the federal penal state. Among a raft of initiatives, he established the first large-scale national crime commission, undertook a campaign of prison growth, expanded the FBI and created the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

For all his success in taking the fight to crime, Hoover lost the impossibly ambitious war on alcohol. As the Great Depression tightened its grip on the country, Democrats attacked the president for excessive spending on enforcement – and stepped up the campaign for repeal. By 1932, Franklin D Roosevelt was running for president on this very platform. Buttressed by the ethnic industrial workers brought into the party by Al Smith – and the promise of new jobs and revenue generated by the legalisation of an entire industry – FDR won by a landslide.

Americans didn't have to wait long for the new president to act on his promises. Within nine days of taking office, Roosevelt was forwarding a bill proposing the relegalisation of alcohol to Congress. The bill sailed through the house, officially becoming law on 7 April 1933. Some 13 years after William Anderson had hailed "a new era of clean thinking and clean living", Americans could once again drink alcohol without fear of being hounded by the authorities, beaten by the Klan, or thrown behind bars.

The night before, a festooned truck, escorted by a police detail, pulled up to the White House delivering two crates of the city's new brew: "President Roosevelt, the first real beer is yours." Crowds braved the midnight rain to cheer at the gates.

The war on alcohol was over, but the expansion of state authority that it had set in motion could not be unpicked so easily. The 18th Amendment had supercharged federal power. In so doing, it created new possibilities for the uses of such might. Once faced with the unprecedented challenges posed by the Great Depression, many Americans recalled the muscular activism of the prohibition era, and sought to apply it to other social problems.

Of all these problems, perhaps none have had a more lasting impact on American society than its addiction to drugs. By 1934, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics had established the basic edifice of a remarkably resilient global drug control regime – one that learned from the mistakes of the prohibition era.

But with lessons learned have come missteps. In 2020, hundreds of thousands of Americans languish behind bars for non-violent drug violations – arguably the result of the prohibitionist attitude and zeal for criminalisation that emerged a century earlier. The prohibition era may have ended almost 90 years ago but it is still being played out on the streets – and in the prisons – of America today.

Lisa McGirr is professor of history at Harvard University. Her books include *The War on Alcohol: Prohibition and the Rise of the American State* (WW Norton, 2016)

ALAMY

Jeffrey Hudson
The queen's dwarf

He was born to a poor country family, but the diminutive Jeffrey Hudson rose to the dizzy heights of Charles I's court. From duels and deeds of valour to enslavement by pirates, **JOHN WOOLF** tells the amazing story of Queen Henrietta Maria's favourite

London, November 1626: a banquet is in full swing. There's music, chatter, laughter and sumptuous food. The aromas of exquisite cooking tantalise the nostrils of King Charles I and his teenage wife, Queen Henrietta Maria. Suddenly, trumpets blare and two footmen enter the hall carrying a glorious pie, gilded in gold leaf, 2ft high and 2ft wide. The pie is placed before the queen and, as if in labour, it begins to move. A small hand pops through the crust, and a fresh-faced boy emerges with a cheeky smile, dark brown eyes and light brown hair. He wears a miniature suit of armour and marches up and down the banqueting table waving a flag. He returns to the queen and gives a bow. Here is Jeffrey Hudson, seven years old and 18 inches tall. And he is the queen's to keep.

Jeffrey Hudson was born in 1619 to a butcher from Oakham in the East Midlands. His parents were poor country folk, who agreed to release their son into the care of the wealthy Duchess and Duke of Buckingham. Opportunities for dwarfs were exceptionally limited, so this seemed like Jeffrey's ticket out of poverty. It was the Duke of Buckingham, George Villiers – determined to ingratiate himself with the royals – who decided to serve Jeffrey to the queen. This 'gift' was a stroke of genius: it was the beginning of a seemingly unbreakable bond between the queen and her dwarf.

After the banqueting celebrations, Jeffrey Hudson went to the queen's private residence at Denmark House (today Somerset House stands on its site) in London. She was a French Catholic in Protestant England. Her entourage had recently been expelled from court, and she felt trapped in a loveless marriage to a king some 10 years her senior. But Jeffrey offered her comfort and companionship. He was lively, witty, intelligent and loving. He was given basic schooling and had his own personal servant. Aged 14, he was hunting and shooting; aged 21, he was given a salary of £50 per annum. In summer he would join the queen on her royal progresses across the country; in the winter he would partake in the court theatricals. In one memorable performance, shortly after his arrival, Jeffrey stole the show. The Welshman William Evans, a giant porter of the court, said to have been 7ft 6in tall, removed from his coat pocket a loaf of bread and, from the other, "he drew little Jeffrey the dwarf … first to the wonder, then to the laughter, of the beholders". A week later, Jeffrey was featuring in another performance alongside the king and queen.

> " Jeffrey was lively, witty, intelligent and loving. He and the queen forged an intimate, familial bond "

Jeffrey and Henrietta Maria forged an intimate, familial bond. They were painted together by Anthony van Dyck (see our illustration, right), whose artwork suggests intimacy but also hierarchy: Jeffrey's position was not much different to the monkey on his arm. He was akin to a court pet: loved, cared for, but ultimately subservient – until, that is, he proved his valour.

Smashing cannonballs

In 1642, the Civil War began. The constitutional mayhem unleashed a loss of life greater than the First World War, as a proportion of the national population. In the year the war began, the queen was forced from London with Jeffrey in tow. Henrietta Maria travelled to Holland to raise funds and amass ammunition and, on the return journey, landed at the small fishing port of Bridlington on the Yorkshire coast on 22 February 1643. At around 5 o'clock the following morning, the entourage was awoken by the sounds of cannonballs smashing into the village. The parliamentarians were after blood. People ran for cover but Jeffrey, by now in his early twenties and fiercely loyal, stayed to fight. He rushed to the quayside with a sword and pistol in hand, but the parliamentarians didn't leave their ships, so Jeffrey never fought. Yet he had shown extraordinary bravery.

Henrietta Maria and her entourage went to York, a royalist stronghold, before heading south to Stratford-upon-Avon and then Oxford. One night, the cavalry commander Prince Rupert led royalist forces in raids against the parliamentarians, and it was at this moment that Jeffrey perhaps fought. Walter Scott, in his 1823 historical novel *Peveril of the Peak*, claimed that Jeffrey battled and was even knighted 'Sir Geoffrey Hudson'. The latter was definitely false, but Jeffrey was certainly given a new title – captain of the horse – and some 40 years later he was still recorded as Captain Jeffrey Hudson. The court dwarf had turned court warrior.

Yet people taunted Jeffrey because of his size. And in October 1644, the mocking became too much. In France, where he had by now fled with the queen, Jeffrey challenged

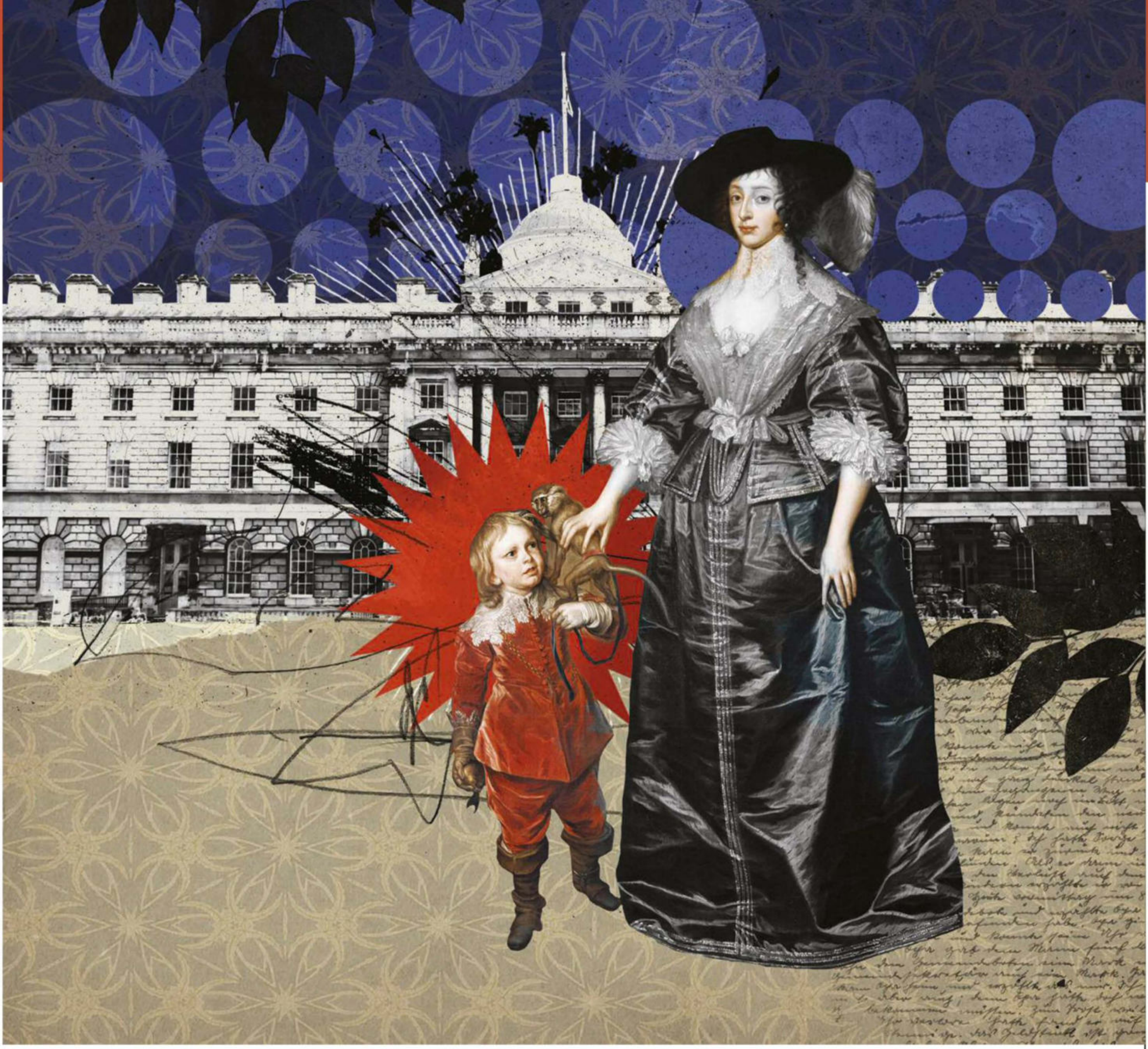


ILLUSTRATION BY **ELEANOR SHAKESPEARE**

Charles Crofts, brother of the queen's master of horse, to a duel. Jeffrey mounted a horse and charged towards his tormentor, firing a pistol and lodging a bullet in the bully's brain. Charles was killed and Jeffrey was victorious, but he'd ignored the numerous decrees against duelling and had killed an influential man. Henrietta Maria had little choice: with tears and regret she banished Jeffrey from her court.

Jeffrey made his return journey to Britain in the winter of 1644 but, remarkably, his ship was captured by north African Barbary pirates and Jeffrey was enslaved – for 25 years. According to James Wright, who wrote one of only two contemporary accounts of Jeffrey's life: "It was a Turkish pirate that took and carried him to Barbary, where he was sold, and remained a slave for many years." Although we know next to nothing of his time in captivity, Wright claimed it was one of "hardship, much labour and beating, which he endured when a slave to the Turks".

Freedom did eventually follow, although the details are hazy, and in May 1669 Jeffrey was back in England, living in his home county of Rutland. He was 50 years old. Later that year, Henrietta Maria died. Charles I had been beheaded back in 1649 and Charles II was now king, having been restored in 1660. However, when Jeffrey returned to London a few years later, further tragedy awaited. The capital was awash with anti-Catholic sentiment, and Jeffrey was recognised as the long-lost dwarf of the deceased Catholic queen. He was thrown in jail, spending his 60th birthday in Westminster's Gatehouse Prison. He was eventually released, but died an outcast around 1682, and was buried in an unmarked grave at an unknown location.

Although much of his life is shrouded in mystery, Jeffrey's story illuminates many facets of history: the broader history of disability; life in the royal courts; and a new perspective on the Civil War, Henrietta Maria and Charles I. Through his tale, we can penetrate how dwarfs were perceived and treated at the time, how myths and facts intertwine in the archives, and how Jeffrey's time at court functioned as a forerunner to the Victorian freak show. But ultimately his story is about a remarkable man, living through remarkable times, whose tale has been marginalised, whose voice is unrecorded, but who is nonetheless worthy of our recognition. H

John Woolf works across TV, radio and film. His books include *The Wonders: Lifting the Curtain on the Freak Show, Circus and Victorian Age* (Michael O'Mara, 2019)

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THE (not so) STINKY MIDDLE AGES

If there's one thing we think we know about our medieval ancestors, it's that they were mud-spattered, lice-infested and smelt like rotting veg. Yet the reality appears to have been far less pungent. **Katherine Harvey** digs the dirt on the medieval passion for cleanliness

Double-dippers
A husband and wife take a bath, as depicted in a 14th-century manuscript. The accompanying text stresses the importance of bathing at least once a week, and a significant number of people appear to have heeded that advice

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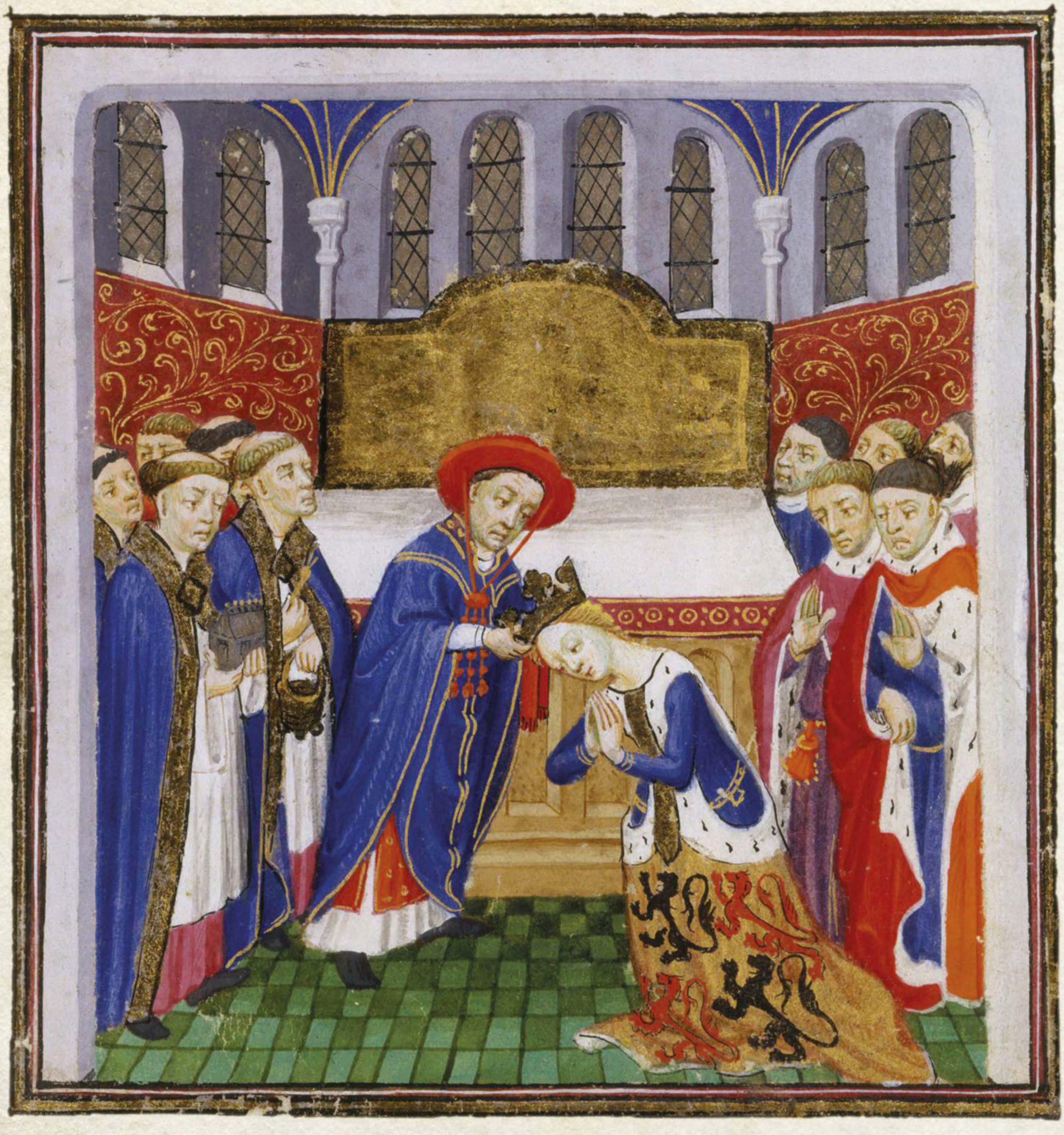


Philippa was traded for ships and soldiers so her mother-in-law could invade England – the most unromantic marriage imaginable

Crown jewel
The coronation of Philippa of Hainault at Westminster Abbey in 1330, as shown in Jean Froissart's *Chronicles*. She would develop into an exceptional queen

A queen against the odds

She was married as a teenager to a near-stranger in exchange for military aid. But Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III, survived and prospered to become one of the most beloved English royals of the medieval era, says **Kathryn Warner**

On 24 September 1326 Isabella of France, the estranged queen of Edward II, landed on the Suffolk coast. She arrived at the head of a force of 1,500 mercenaries, there to enforce her audacious plan to take the English throne from her husband in favour of the couple's son, Edward of Windsor, the future Edward III. She had also sworn to destroy her husband's powerful, detested and despotic chamberlain, Hugh Despenser the Younger.

Isabella succeeded. Within two months, a man the king had elevated to the status of his co-ruler had been executed – a term that hardly does justice to the grotesque humiliations he endured on the day of his death. Despenser was dragged through Hereford by horses, hanged, cut down, disembowelled, castrated and finally beheaded. In January 1327, meanwhile, Edward II was forced to abdicate and probably followed Despenser to the grave at Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire in September 1327 – though almost certainly not via the red-hot poker of legend.

But there was a price to be paid for mounting this coup, both in hard coin and in human terms. Isabella had come to an agreement with Willem, Count of Hainault (in modern-day Belgium), Holland, and Zeeland in the Netherlands. In return for the count aiding her invasion financially, Isabella promised that her son Edward would marry Willem's third and eldest unmarried daughter, 12-year-old Philippa of Hainault, and that the girl would become the Queen of England.

Philippa was, in effect, exchanged for ships and soldiers so that her mother-in-law could invade England – the most unromantic beginning to a marriage imaginable. To make the girl's situation even more undignified, when Isabella requested a dispensation from Pope John XXII for Philippa and Edward of Windsor to marry, she referred to Philippa merely as "a daughter of the count of Hainault" and did not even use her given name.

A "much spoken-of marriage"

Yet despite this unpromising start, it is beyond doubt that Philippa of Hainault and Edward III formed one of the great royal marriages of the Middle Ages, and that Philippa went on to become one of the most beloved and successful queens in English history. So who was Philippa, and how did this teenage bride grow up to make such a success of her situation?

Her family connections reveal someone at the heart of Europe's aristocracy. She was born around February 1314, probably in her father's capital of Valenciennes. Her mother was Jeanne de Valois, the sister of King Philip VI, the first of the Valois dynasty, who ruled France from 1328–1589. Philippa's younger brother, Willem, was their father's successor as Count of Hainault, Holland and Zeeland.

Philippa arrived in England at Christmas 1327, 11 months after the forced abdication of Edward II and several days after his funeral in Gloucester. On 25 January 1328, she married Edward III in York. He was 15 and she was almost 14. After the turbulent years of Edward II's disastrous reign, the people of England looked forward to a brighter future, and there are references in Exchequer records to Philippa and Edward III's "much spoken-of marriage".

But the first few years of the young queen's life in England were difficult. Her mother-in-law, Isabella, and Isabella's favourite and suspected lover, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, dominated the government. Controlling the royal purse strings, they treated the king and queen in a way the young couple found suffocating and infantilising. The queen mother refused to cede any ground to her daughter-in-law, and Philippa was neither crowned nor granted any lands or independent income until February 1330.

BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE DE FRANCE

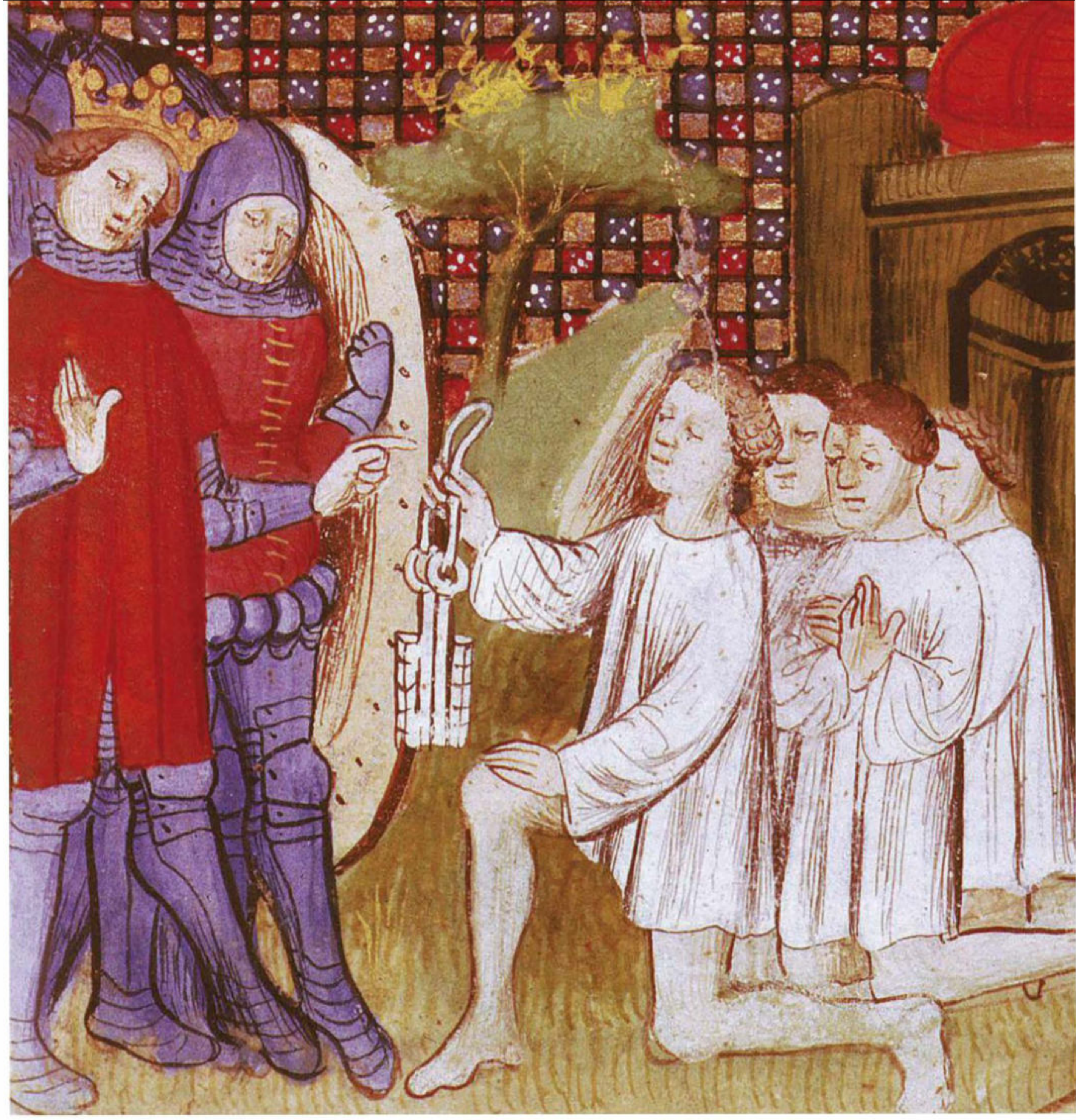
Indeed, Philippa hardly appears in the records during Isabella and Mortimer's regime.

Despite these slights, the relationship was flourishing. Edward III had found in his wife a loving, supportive partner. After a 16-year-old Philippa gave birth to their first child, Edward of Woodstock (later known as the Black Prince), on 15 June 1330, the teenage king found the courage and will to overthrow his mother and to have the detested Roger Mortimer executed – hanged at Tyburn, where his body was left to swing for two days and two nights. Edward's mother was held under house arrest and relieved of the vast estates and income she'd granted herself, then pushed aside to enjoy a lengthy and pampered retirement until her death in 1358. Edward had taken control of his kingdom.

This, in turn, meant that in late 1330, almost three years after her wedding, Philippa of Hainault finally became queen in more than name. She learned from her mother-in-law's mistakes. Isabella of France wielded power to which she was not entitled, but Philippa acted more discreetly and within a more conventional framework, and cleverly exercised a considerable measure of influence. For four decades, she regularly interceded to her husband on behalf of others, opened parliament when the king was absent overseas, and helped to negotiate her children's marriages to benefit both her children themselves and her husband's foreign policy.

She was less adept at handling money. After Isabella kept her son and daughter-in-law humiliatingly short of cash during the couple's regency, Philippa went rather too far in the opposite direction. She spent huge sums on lavish garments and jewels, so much so that one chronicler commented sarcastically on "King Edward and Queen Philippa, who first invented clothes". Philippa accrued enormous debts, and by 1360 owed almost £6,000 – a few million in modern terms – to tailors, furriers, embroiderers and jewellers.

In fairness, she used much of her huge expenditure to promote her husband's vision of regal magnificence – medieval royals were expected to live extravagantly and to look the part. The queen also gave generously to charity: she was the patron of the hospital of St Katherine near the Tower of London, and in 1341 her almoner founded the Queen's College at Oxford University in her honour.



Royal pardon The burghers of Calais surrender to King Edward III in 1347, as depicted in Jean Froissart's *Chronicles*. In an infamous incident that may have been staged, Philippa begged Edward to spare their lives

Family showdown

In Edward's dealings with continental powers, Philippa was called on to side with her husband against members of her mother's family after he claimed the French throne in 1337. Edward's argument was that, as the only surviving grandson of Philip IV, he had a better right to the throne of France than its incumbent, Philippa's uncle Philip of Valois. Philip had become Philip VI of France in 1328 when his cousin Charles IV died without leaving a son and heir.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the various claims, the scene was set for decades of conflict between Philippa's husband and uncle – the first phase of what would become known as the Hundred Years' War. At the battle of Crécy in 1346 – a great victory for her husband and their 16-year-old eldest son, Edward of Woodstock, over the French – Philippa's uncle the Count of Alençon and her cousins the King of Bohemia and the Count of Blois were among those killed.

It is beyond doubt that Philippa faithfully supported her husband, and in 1338 she sent a minstrel to Paris to "investigate secretly the actions of Lord Philip de Valois" for 40 days. Minstrels aroused little suspicion as they routinely travelled all over Europe, so sending one to spy on her uncle's movements was a shrewd choice, while Philippa's refusal to recognise Philip as King of France reveals where her loyalties lay.

An effigy of Philippa of Hainault on her tomb at Westminster Abbey

In the wake of Crécy, Edward III led an 11-month siege of the French-held port of Calais, and Philippa stayed with her husband and some of their children nearby. Calais finally surrendered in August 1347, and two chroniclers relate what happened next. The king, furious with the townspeople for resisting him, decided to have the mayor of Calais and five other burghers beheaded in revenge, and none of his advisers was able to dissuade him. It fell to Queen Philippa, in the most famous individual incident in her life, to kneel before her husband and to implore him, "for love of Our Lady's son", to show them mercy. Moved by her passionate entreaties, Edward relented and spared the men's lives.

It's worth noting that this famous tale – narrated by chroniclers Jean le Bel and Jean Froissart – may not be accurate. (They claim the queen was "heavily pregnant" at the

SHUTTERSTOCK/ALAMY

Edward III retained the steadfast love and loyalty of all his sons, and Philippa was to a great extent responsible

time, which she was not.) Although Philippa did often persuade Edward to help others and had a kind, compassionate personality, it is likely she did not genuinely save the burghers' lives but that Edward had already decided to spare them and, with Philippa's help, created a piece of theatre to showcase his clemency to an impressed public. As the story is still told even today, the royals' ruse clearly worked.

A hands-on mother

In siding with her husband over the French succession, Philippa showed that family was central to her life. Her 41-year marriage to Edward proved a fertile one, producing a dozen children between June 1330 and January 1355. Five of their seven sons survived infancy, and the couple inadvertently brought about the Wars of the Roses in the 15th century as their descendants battled for the English throne. The queen was a loving mother to all her children and created a happy family environment. The couple's fecundity stood in sharp contrast to that of their grandson Richard II, Edward's successor on the throne, whose marriage to Anne of Bohemia produced no children.

Edward of Woodstock, as heir to the throne, lived in his own household almost from birth, but in November 1342 Edward III granted custody of their younger children to Philippa herself. In an age when the nurture of royal and noble children was almost always outsourced to others, Philippa's desire to take charge of her children's upbringing and education stands out. Her fifth son, Edmund of Langley, remained in her custody until he was 13, a long time in an era when high-ranking boys were sent to other households at age seven or earlier, while Philippa's eldest daughter, Isabella of Woodstock, still lived with her mother in 1351 when she was 19, and perhaps later.

Philippa also often demonstrated her affection and concern for her children's spouses – for example by looking after Blanche of Lancaster, the wife of her fourth son, John of Gaunt, during Blanche's first pregnancy in 1359–60. Unlike many other medieval English kings, Edward III retained the love and steadfast loyalty of all his sons until his death, and Philippa, by raising her children in a loving environment and teaching them to respect and admire their father, was to a great extent responsible. Sadly, though, she experienced much bereavement, outliving seven of her 12 children, including all but one of her five daughters.

The end of Philippa's reign came prematurely. She fell from her horse while hunting in 1358 and broke her shoulder blade. She spent the remaining 11 years of her life in considerable pain and often immobile. Despite this, she retained her desire to participate in her husband's government, and Edward retained his trust in her abilities. In December 1368, eight months before her death, the queen sent an envoy to Flanders to negotiate a marriage between the recently widowed John of Gaunt and the Count of Flanders' daughter and heir, Margaret. Even though her efforts were not successful – Margaret of Flanders was already betrothed to the Duke of Burgundy – the count's courteous reply to Philippa tellingly conveys his genuine respect for the queen.

Philippa died at Windsor Castle, her husband's birthplace, on 15 August 1369, aged 55. Her husband and their youngest child, the 14-year-old Thomas of Woodstock, remained with her until the end. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, where her effigy can still be seen, on 9 January 1370, and the solemnities lasted six days. King Edward, who had taken a mistress, Alice Perrers, for the last few years of his wife's life when Philippa was ill and often unable to move, outlived her by eight years, and was succeeded by their 10-year-old grandson, Edward of Woodstock's son, Richard II, in June 1377.

The fact that Richard would be deposed by his cousin, Henry IV, only emphasises England's comparative stability during Edward's 50-year reign. Philippa of Hainault played a key role in this, as contemporaries acknowledged. The St Albans chronicler Thomas Walsingham called Philippa of Hainault "the most noble woman", while Froissart wrote that she was "the most courteous, noble and liberal queen that ever reigned". The chancellor of England stated: "No Christian king or other lord in the world ever had so noble and gracious a lady for his wife as our lord the king has had." The girl who was exchanged for ships and soldiers had overcome the odds and blossomed into one of England's finest and best-loved queens.

Kathryn Warner is a historian and the author of *Philippa of Hainault: Mother of the English Nation* (Amberley Publishing, 2019)

BRIDGEMAN/ALAMY

IN PHILIPPA'S SHADOW

Three medieval queens who didn't measure up to Edward III's celebrated wife

THE MEDDLER

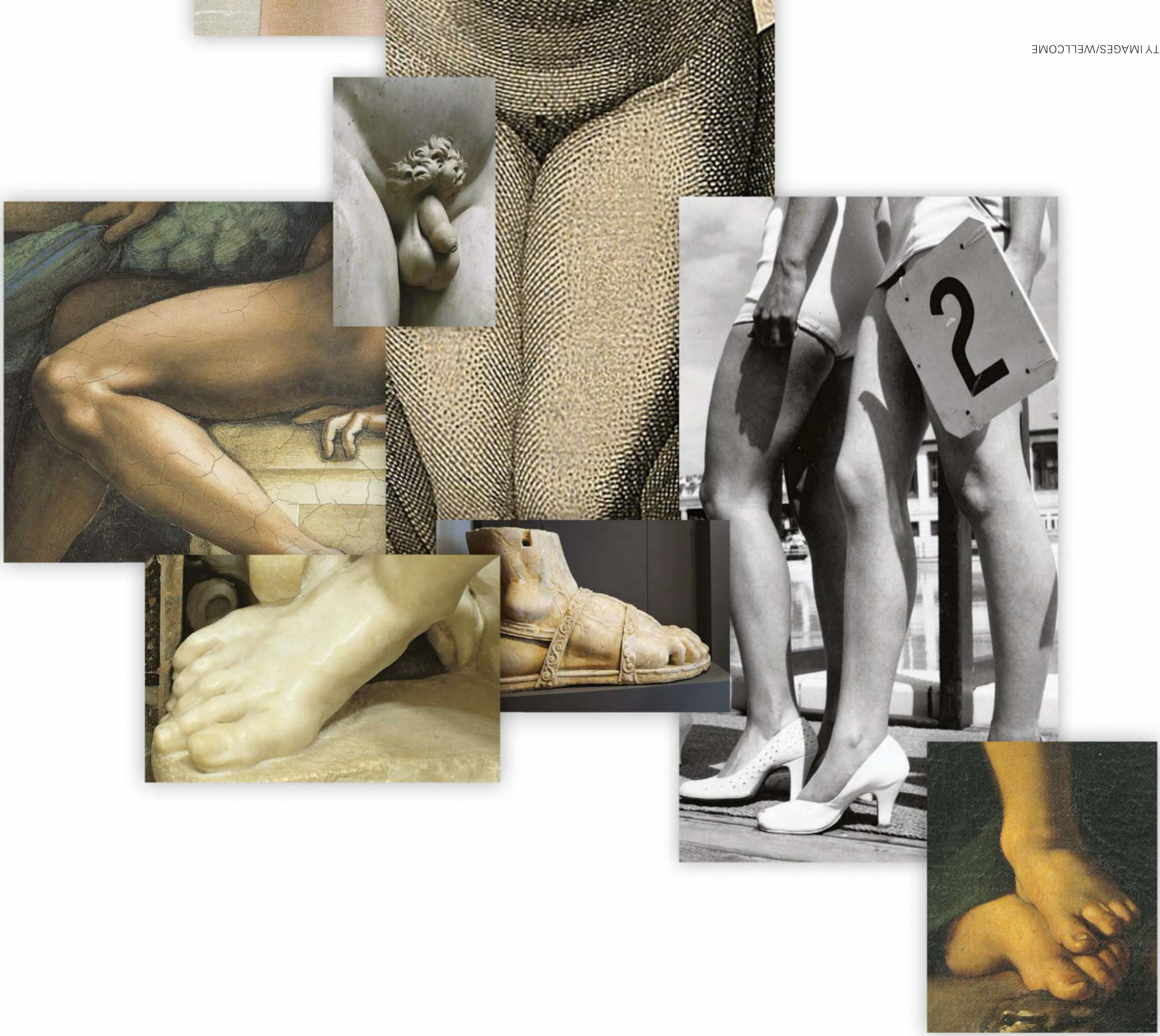
Eleanor of Provence married Henry III in January 1236 and was the mother of Edward I, who was born in June 1239. In the early 1250s, King Henry grew exasperated with his wife's meddling in politics and expelled her from court, exclaiming: "How high does the arrogance of woman rise if it is not restrained?" Although the couple reconciled, Eleanor was grossly unpopular with her husband's subjects, and in 1263 a London mob pelted her with rubbish as her barge passed along the Thames.

THE SHE-WOLF

Isabella of France, Queen Philippa's mother-in-law, married Edward II in January 1308. Throughout Edward's turbulent reign she gained a reputation as a mediator between her husband and his disgruntled barons, and was popular – especially when she rid England of the king's loathed favourite, Hugh Despenser, in 1326. Her regency of 1327–30, however, proved a disaster: Isabella bankrupted her son's kingdom in under four years and provoked several rebellions against her rule, before her son overthrew her in October 1330. After her death, she was dubbed the 'She-Wolf of France'.

THE MONEY-GRABBER

Edward I's first wife, Eleanor of Castile, now has a reputation as a beloved queen, thanks to the 12 monuments to her – the 'Eleanor Crosses' – erected in a line from Lincoln to London. But in her own lifetime this Spanish queen of England was widely viewed as grasping, avaricious and willing to acquire lands by dubious means. A contemporary chronicler stated: "The king desires to get our gold, the queen our manors fair to hold."



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BRIDGEMAN/GETTY IMAGES

Bloodied **feet**, outrageous **breasts** and the sinister power of a **hair** cut

Joanna Bourke is currently giving a series of lectures on the history of the human body. Here she reveals how society's attitudes to seven body parts have evolved over the centuries

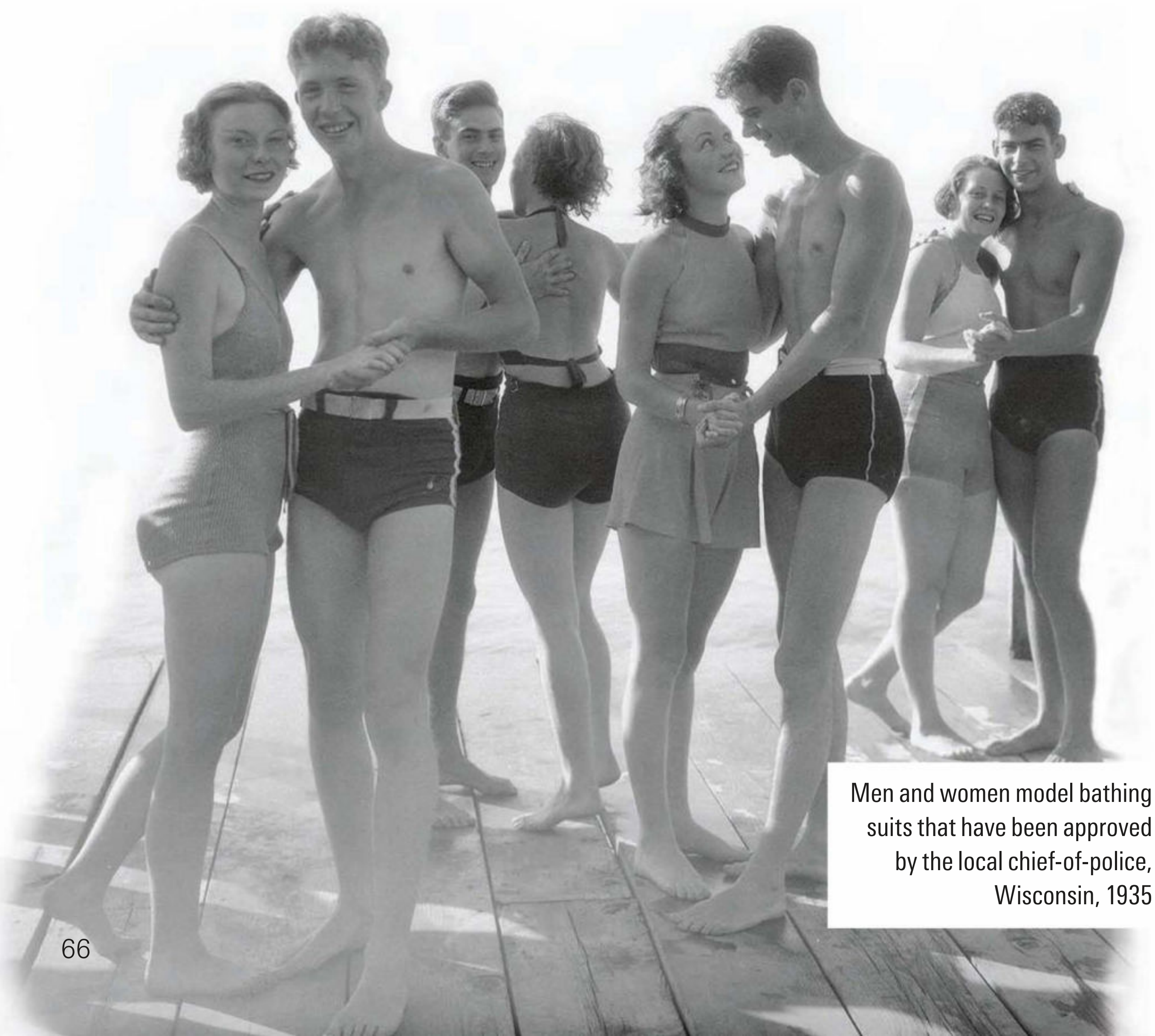
The battle for the **breasts** of America

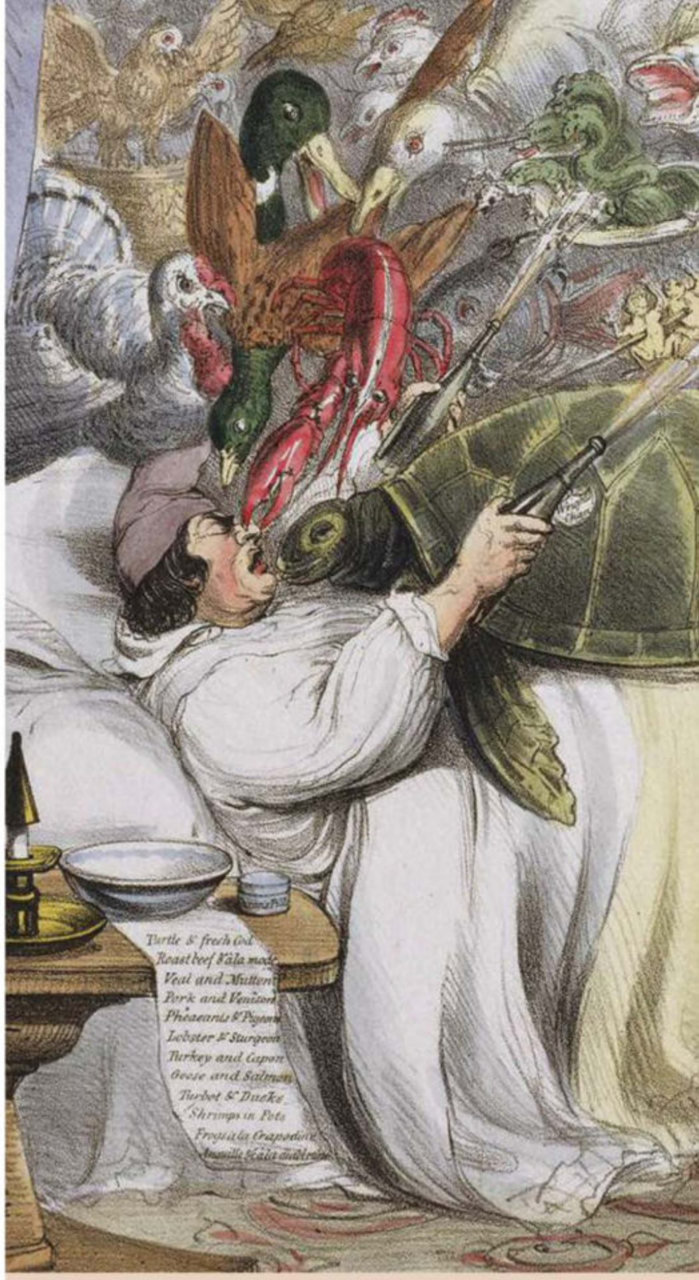
On 21 June 1986, seven American women were arrested for being topless in a park in Rochester, New York. They had been protesting against a law that criminalised topless women but not topless men. In court, Judge Walz ruled that the state was right to require that "the female breast not be exposed in public places" because "community standards… regard the female breast as an intimate part of the human body". Since "community standards" did "not deem the exposure of males' breasts offensive", the judge concluded, men were permitted to wander about shirtless. In other words, women's breasts were offensive; men's were not.

It was not always like that. Male nipples used to be as shocking as female ones. Indeed, it was illegal for men in America to expose their breasts in public. From the early 1930s, men on beaches in Coney Island, Westchester and Atlantic City began to protest. Male swimmers stripped off their shirts and nipple-covering swimsuits. They were derided, called "gorillas", fined and threatened with arrest. One magistrate rebuked them with the words: "All of you fellows may be Adonises but there are many people who object to seeing so much of the human body exposed." By the end of the decade, though, the "Adonises" had won the right to flaunt their breasts.

This is not because women's breasts are significantly different from male ones. At birth, the breasts of both girls and boys are the same. Adult women tend to have larger breasts than men, but many men have large breasts and many women small ones. Both male and female breasts consist of tissue, fat deposits, pectoral muscles and mammary glands. Both have a similar number of nerve endings and degree of 'erectile capacity'. Male nipples are clearly erogenous. Given the right hormones, men can breastfeed. Indeed, they have. Clearly, rules about public indecency and bodily freedoms are gendered.

Men who stripped off their nipple-covering swimsuits were called "gorillas", fined and threatened with arrest.


Men and women model bathing suits that have been approved by the local chief-of-police, Wisconsin, 1935



When **stomach** pain was all the rage

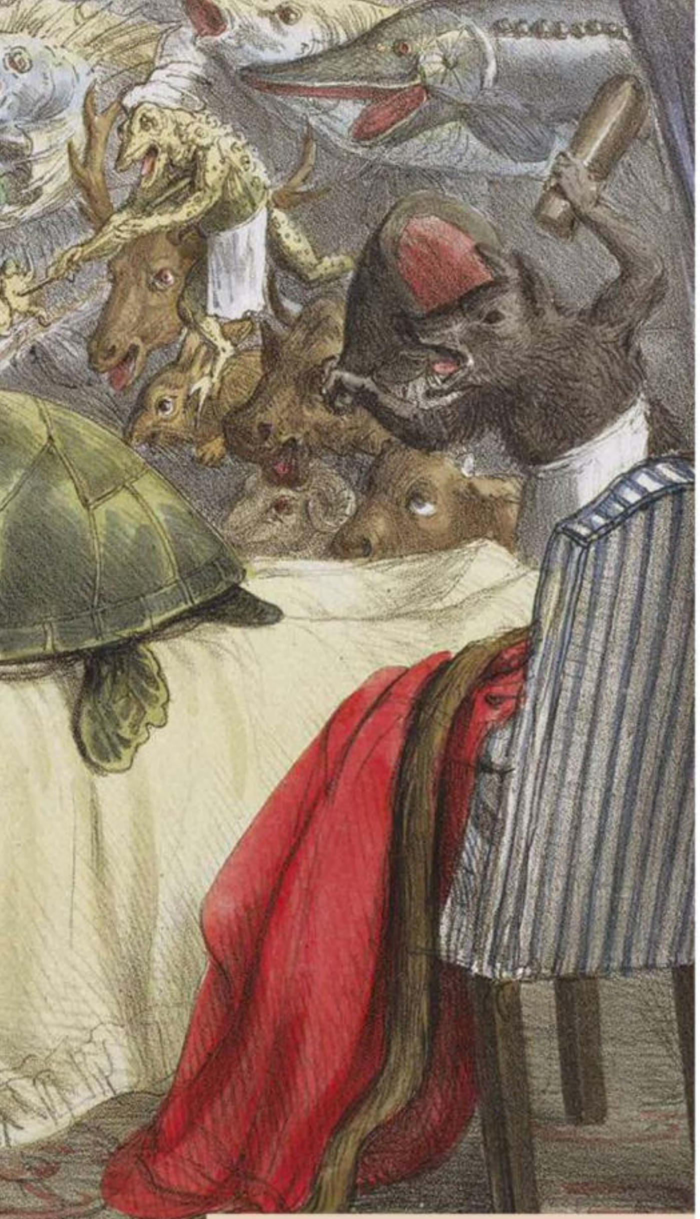
The chances are you rarely notice your stomach. Only when assaulted by the physical pain of peptic ulcers or the social pain of obesity do most people pay attention to this much-ignored organ.

In earlier centuries, however, anatomists, doctors and 'alienists' (now called psychiatrists) took stomachs very seriously indeed. Some even believed that mental illnesses originated in the 'epigastric' area of the body. As the late 18th-century doctor Philippe Pinel argued, insanity started in the stomach region, before "radiating" throughout the body.

It was a view popularised in *The Dublin Penny Journal*, which informed readers in 1836 that people possessed two "internal monitors": one was "seated in the mind, the other in the stomach".

During this period, British doctors also worried that stomach ailments such as dyspepsia or indigestion were very 'British' afflictions. According to *The Dublin Penny Journal*, these were exacerbated by the typical "English breakfast of tea, sugar, milk and bread", which was "especially prone to undergo spontaneous fermentation" within the

GETTY IMAGES/BRIDGEMAN



The meat bites back A man is assailed by the "fatal effects of gluttony" in a lithograph from 1830. By now, writes Joanna Bourke, "stomachs were thought to be profoundly sensitive to modern life"

stomach. In order to be cured, sufferers were told to "rise from your down bed, leave your fire-side, walk, ride, inhale the sea-breeze, fly to the mountains – do this, and you may… eat toasted cheese like a Welshman".

Is it any surprise, then, that stomach disturbances became far more prevalent? They even overtook 'nerves' as the cause of everyday woes. This was because stomachs were said to be profoundly sensitive to modern life: coffee, spicy foods and alcohol consumption caused the "jaded organ" to crave "more food than can conveniently be digested".

The problem was that little was actually known about the stomach. By what mechanism was food digested? Why did some people develop stomach ulcers while others seemed immune? An article in *The New Bon Ton Magazine* in 1819 quipped that the term "bilious" was simply a polite way of referring to "those who were formerly flatulent". However, debilitating ailments of the stomach were big business for doctors, including disreputable 'quack' ones, who advertised weird and wonderful products designed to calm this disruptive organ.

SHUTTERSTOCK

How the **clitoris** emerged from the shadows

There is a common myth that, in the west, the clitoris has been repressed, denied and derided. Female sexual pleasures have taken second place to the male variety.

But things are more complicated. Scientists and doctors in the west were often ignorant of the anatomical features of the clitoris. For example, many believed that the clitoris was a female version of the male penis. These debates circled around 'penis-vagina' (Galenic) versus the 'penis-clitoris' (Hippocratic) models.

In the Galenic account, the vagina was an inverted or 'inside-out' penis. In contrast, the Hippocratic account posited the clitoris as a female phallus. In both cases, women's genitals were versions of male ones, but the Hippocratic model allowed for female pleasure similar to that of men. The vagina in the Galen model was passive and sex was reproductive; in the Hippocratic model, however, clitoral orgasm was necessary for conception in a similar way that male ejaculation was necessary if a woman was to conceive. This had major repercussions for women who were raped: if a woman claiming to have been raped became pregnant, this was proof of orgasm. Her 'pleasure' signalled her consent.

Discussions of the clitoris were tied to questions of female health. From the late 19th century to the 1950s, doctors were much more worried about female 'frigidity' than their orgasmic capacities. Rather than ignoring the clitoris, American doctors acknowledged the importance of that organ. Back in the 1830s, readers of marriage manuals were told that the clitoris was the "seat of venereal pleasure" and one doctor famously compared the clitoris to "an electric bell", maintaining that it was the "chief seat of sexual excitement".

Many doctors in America, Britain and continental Europe surgically modified clitorises. These operations were often motivated by a desire to *increase* female pleasure during penetrative sex with husbands. They were procedures to ensure that women submit to a heterosexual, reproductive-focused idea of what constitutes 'good sex'.

Medical texts continue to depict the clitoris as a diminutive penis. Second-wave feminism from the 1970s challenged such views, pointing out that the glands of the clitoris contains 8,000 nerve fibres (twice the number in the penis). Sadly, even today, young people know a great deal more about the penis than the clitoris.

Feminists pointed out that the glands of the clitoris contain twice as many nerve fibres as the penis

Seat of excitement An abstract photograph of the African desert. One doctor famously compared the clitoris to an "electric bell"

The painful quest for the perfect **foot**

"There's blood all over, and her foot's too small… She's not the bride you met at the ball."

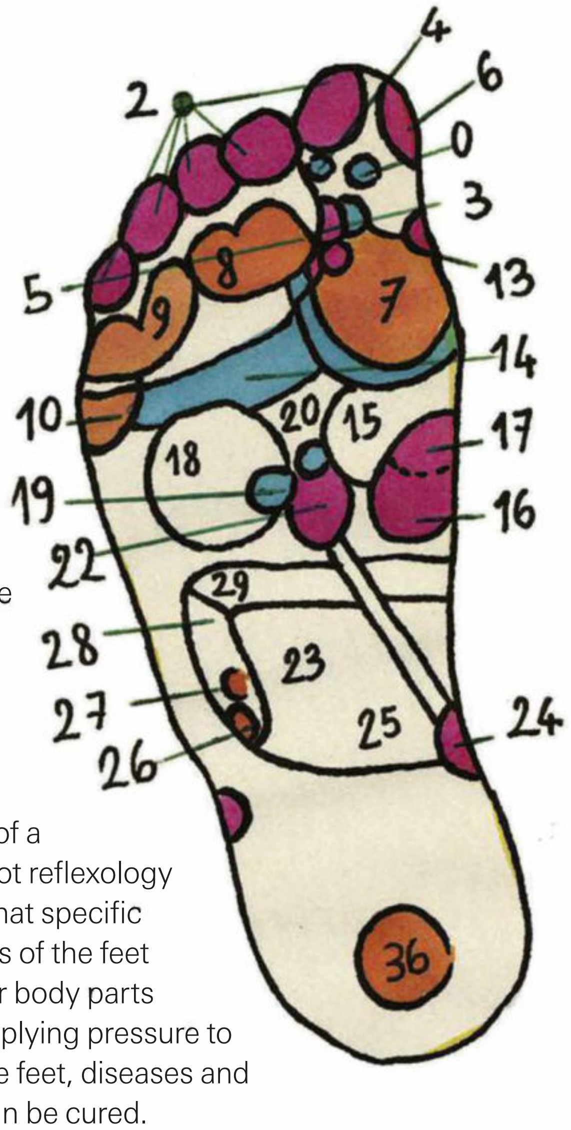
In the 1857 version of *Cinderella* by the Brothers Grimm, the malevolent step-sisters' plans to marry the prince are undone by the size of their feet. As two pigeons perching in a hazel tree reveal to the prince, the sisters' feet are too big for the golden slipper. When their mother reassures them that "Once you become queen, you won't have to walk anymore", one sister cuts off her heel while the other amputates a toe.

In contrast, Cinderella's foot is perfect in size and form. Her foot is proof of her 'natural' superiority and her perfect 'fit' with the prince.

The Grimms were far from the first to draw a line connecting the size and shape of the foot to its owner's moral fibre; in fact, commentators have claimed to be able to diagnose character from human feet for centuries.

Podoscopy, or the physiognomy of the feet, was promoted by an author signing himself "Philopedes" (Greek for 'friend of the foot'). In 1825, Philopedes contended that "if you may know a man from the bumps on his skull, the wrinkles on his face, or the characters of his hand-writing, so you may know him from the shape and outline of his FEET". He maintained that anyone looking at a "capacious, full-grown and well-formed FOOT" would see the "plainest indications of a vigorous and masculine understanding". After exclaiming "What eloquence in the bold sinew, in the strong tendon!" he asked, "Can such a FOOT be given to a sluggard?"

Versions of Philopedes's physiognomy of the foot include podomancy (or solistry), a form of divination based on the analysis of the lines on the sole of a person's foot. Foot reflexology similarly claims that specific areas on the soles of the feet 'reflect' organs or body parts elsewhere. By applying pressure to those areas of the feet, diseases and other ailments can be cured.



The oppressive power of a **hair** cut

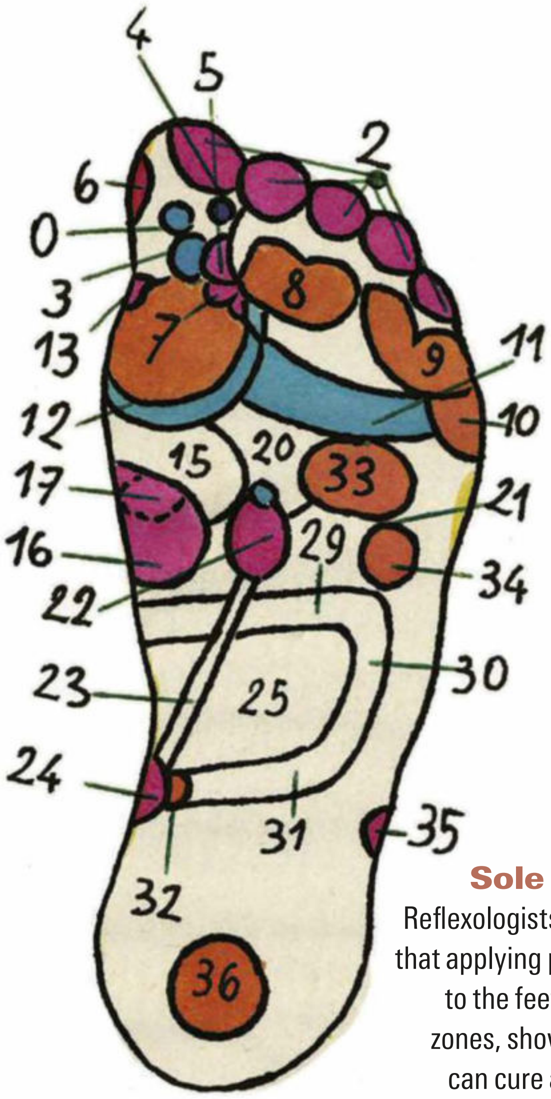
In June 2015, Rachel Dolezal was exposed for having lied about being of African American heritage. Crucial to her 'passing' as black was the way she styled her hair in long dreadlocks, weaves and box braids. Even one of her critics had to admit that she "definitely nailed the hair, I'll give her that".

In May 2019, Anna Sorokin (alias Anna Delvey) was imprisoned for scamming her way to the top of New York high society by pretending to be a German heiress with a £60m fortune. She may have worn Alexander Wang outfits but her 'ratty' hair with split ends betrayed her. In the words of one commentator: "No *real* heiress would be seen dead without immaculately coiffured hair."

These two cases illustrate the importance of hair to the staging of the self. Hair can be cut, coloured, curled, braided, knotted, crimped, twisted, straightened, backcombed, teased, moisturised, oiled, gelled, sprayed, shaved and wrapped. People wear wigs, weaves, hairpieces and extensions; they cover their hair with scarfs and hijabs, taqiyahs and yarmulkes.

Fashion statement
A model sports an afro in Harlem, 1968. The Black is Beautiful movement encouraged African Americans to stop straightening their hair

MAGNUM IMAGES



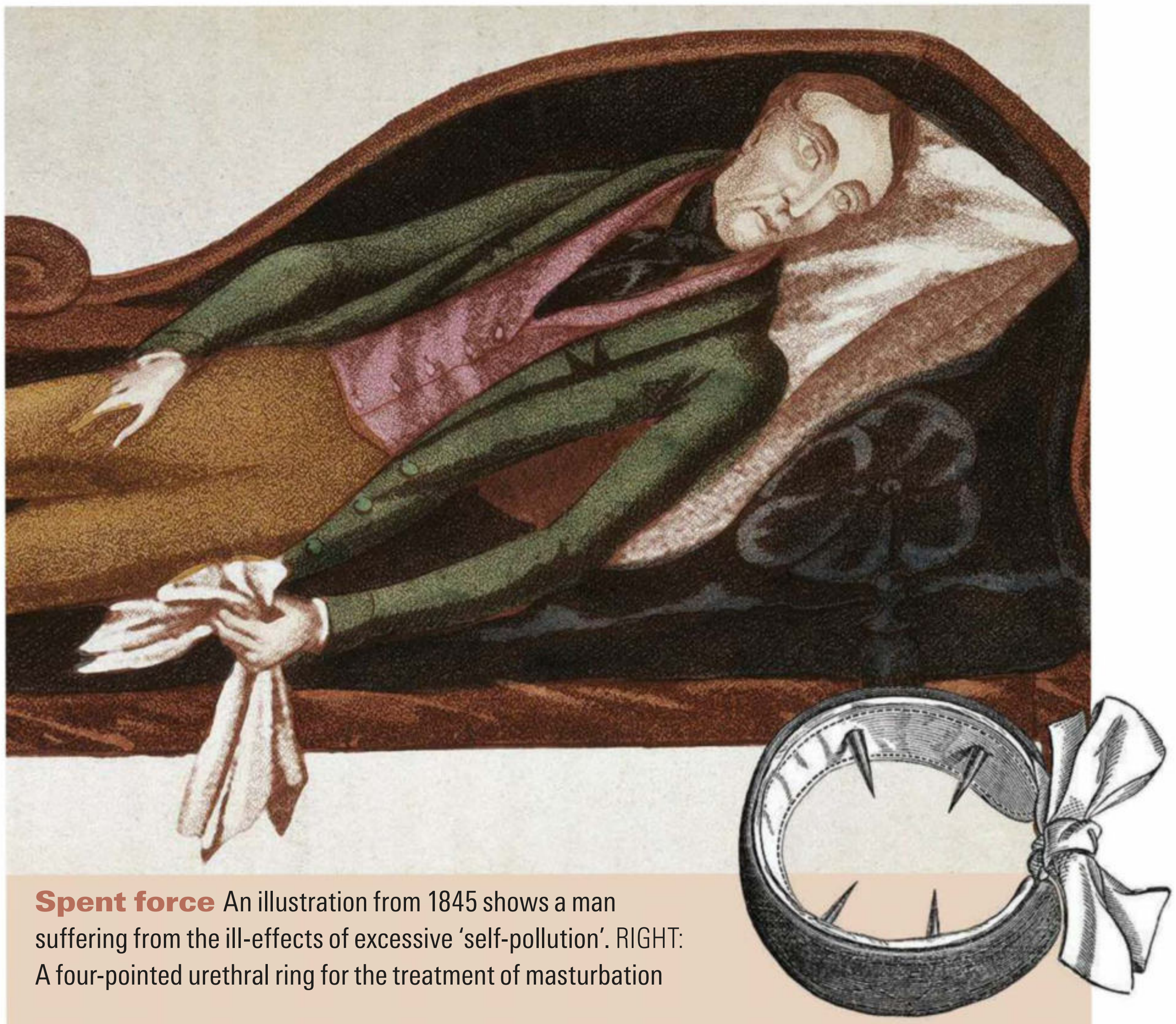
Sole saver Reflexologists believe that applying pressure to the feet's reflex zones, shown here, can cure ailments elsewhere in the body

Hair is personal, but it is also a highly visible cultural artefact. In Victorian society, it was taken for granted that hair conveyed social and emotional messages. It is hard to find a Victorian novel that does not linger on its characters' hair. A lock of hair encased in a locket or ring was a powerful relic, creating binding connections between lovers.

Aesthetic judgments about hair are fundamentally political. Slaves, prisoners of war and female collaborators are routinely shaved as a form of dehumanisation. In the first decade of the 20th century, Madam CJ Walker became one of the first African American female millionaires in the United States by marketing hair softeners to African American women; decades later, the 'Black is Beautiful' movement repudiated such products. During the 1968 protests against the Miss America pageant, feminists not only threw bras and girdles into the Freedom Trash Can, but wigs, hair-curlers and false eyelashes as well.

Today, schools routinely apply rules that stigmatise black hairstyles. As recently as July 2019, California became the first US state to ban discrimination over natural hairstyles. Hair remains a system of power.

WELLCOME IMAGES



Spent force An illustration from 1845 shows a man suffering from the ill-effects of excessive 'self-pollution'. RIGHT: A four-pointed urethral ring for the treatment of masturbation

How the **penis** made men weep

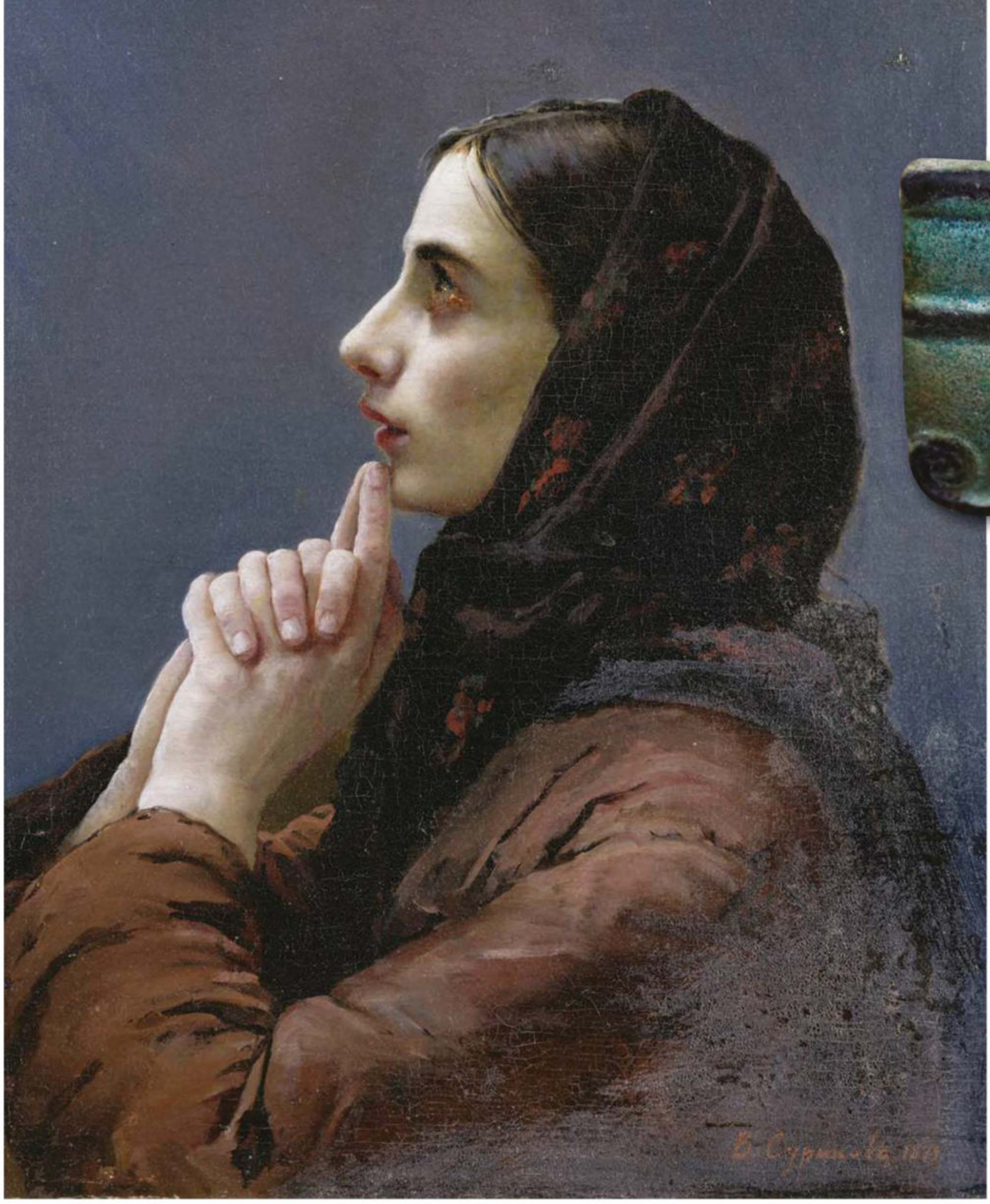
The penis could be an uncertain and erratic organ. In 19th-century Britain and America, masculine anxieties were provoked by the spread of a new and invidious (though phantom) disease: spermatorrhea, or the excessive, involuntary discharge of sperm. It was believed to be caused by masturbation or self-pollution, as well as indulgence in all things sexual. It was also a disease of civilisation, disproportionately plaguing urban professionals. Although women might serve as temptresses, spermatorrhea was fundamentally the fault of men themselves.

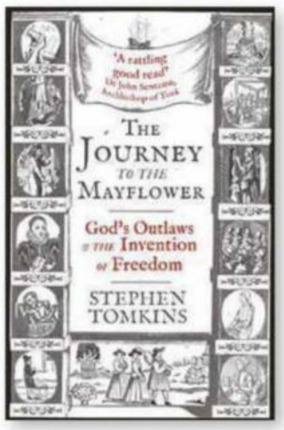
As a vital fluid, even a refined form of blood, the seeping away of semen was thought to be extremely debilitating. As an anonymous Victorian gentleman calling himself Walter wrote in his memoir, *My Secret Life*, he was warned that "You look ill… you've been frigging yourself… I can see it in your face, you'll die in a mad-house, or of consumption." Spermatorrhea led to constipation, 'nerves', flabbiness and impotence. It made men weepy and weak – like women, in fact.

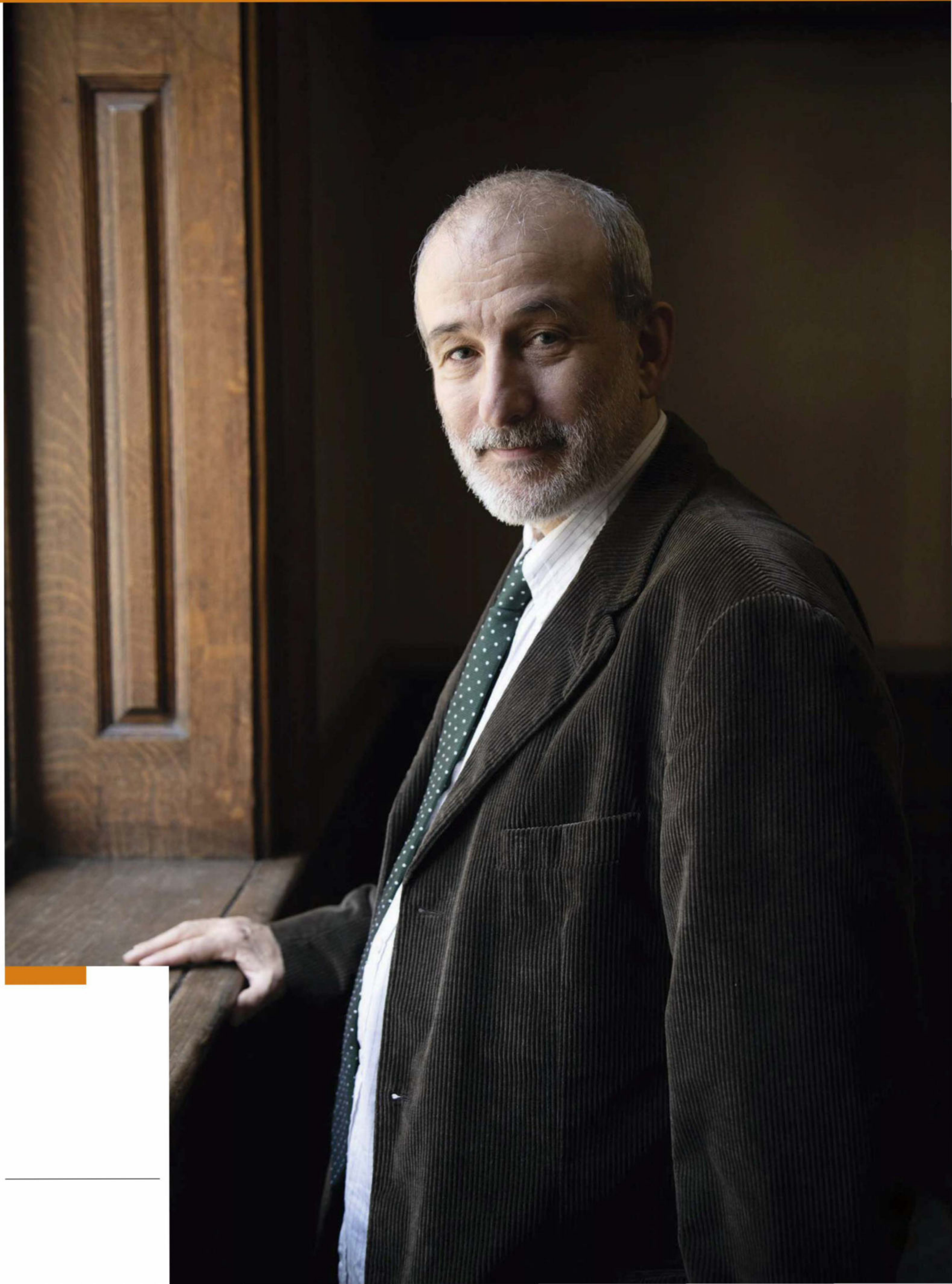
Cures for spermatorrhea could be as distressing as the ailment itself. Doctors recommended everything from leeches and laxatives to blistering of the penis, dilation of the anus and encompassing the penis in a urethral ring containing sharp 'teeth'. On the gentler side, they proposed outdoor exercise, gymnastics and cold baths.

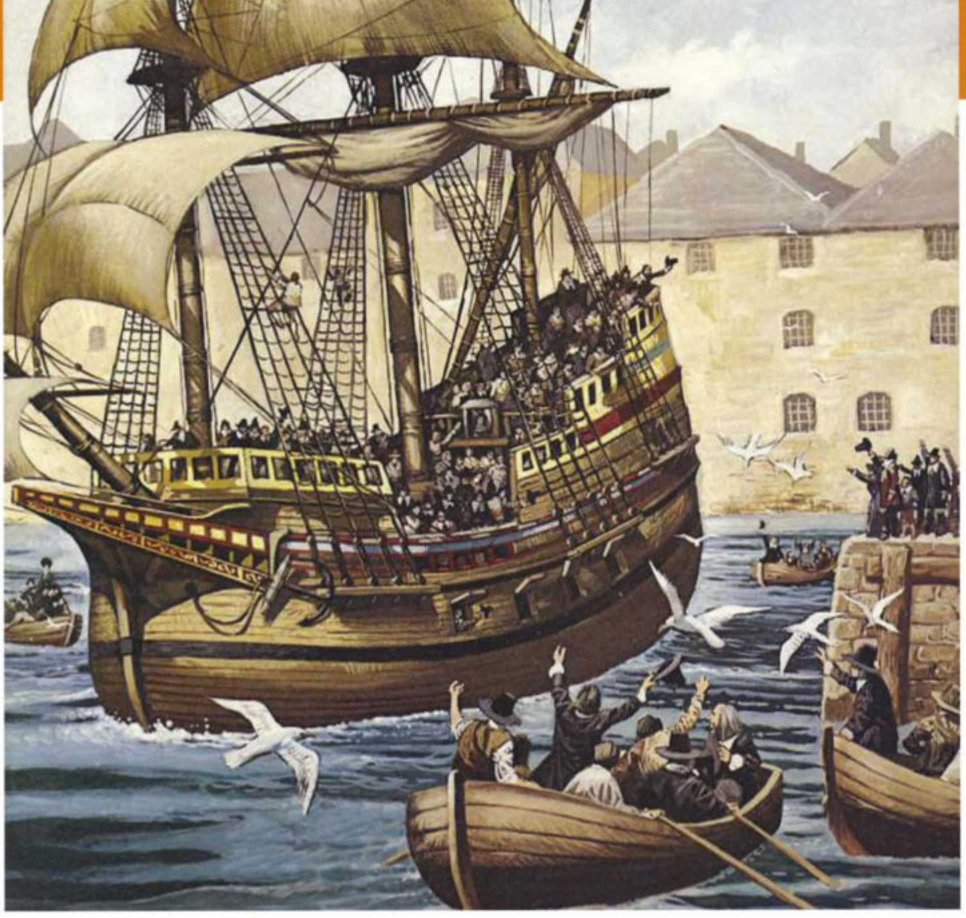
Panics about excessive discharges of sperm occurred at the same time as fears of insufficient flows. Businessmen and medical practitioners keen to earn a 'quick buck' have long seen a way to make money from penile performance anxieties and impotence. They marketed products entitled 'Aromatic Lozenges of Steel' or 'Elixir of Life'. The association of Mormons with polygamy encouraged the labelling of aphrodisiacs called 'Mormon Bishop Pills' and 'Brigham Young Tablets'. Ingenious devices were also promoted which promised to strengthen or lengthen penises.

Businessmen saw a way to make a 'quick buck' from penile performance anxieties and impotence




'A rattling good read'
Dr John Sentamu, Archbishop of York
The Journey to the Mayflower
God's Outlaws & the Invention of Freedom
Stephen Tomkins





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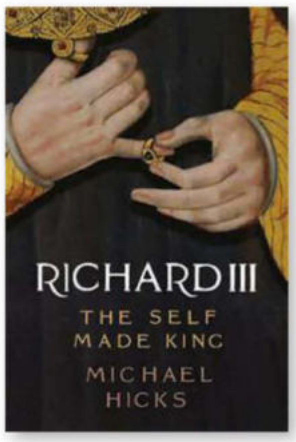

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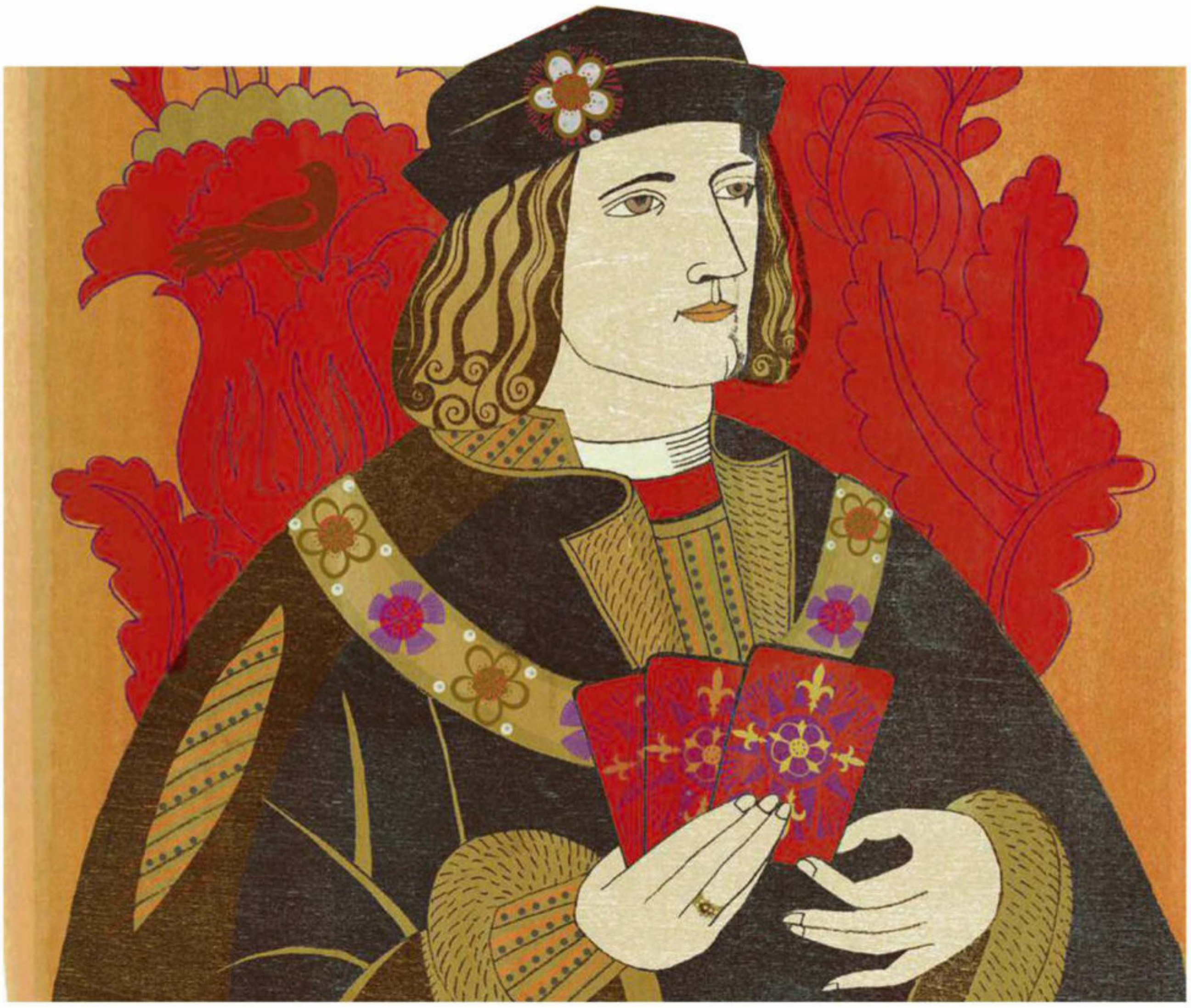

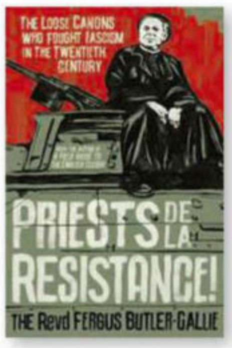
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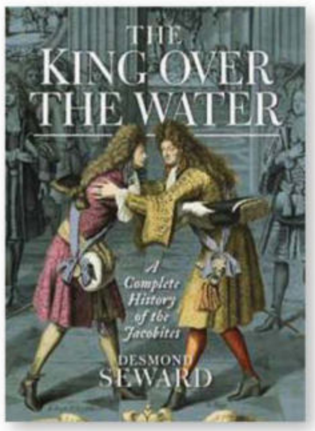
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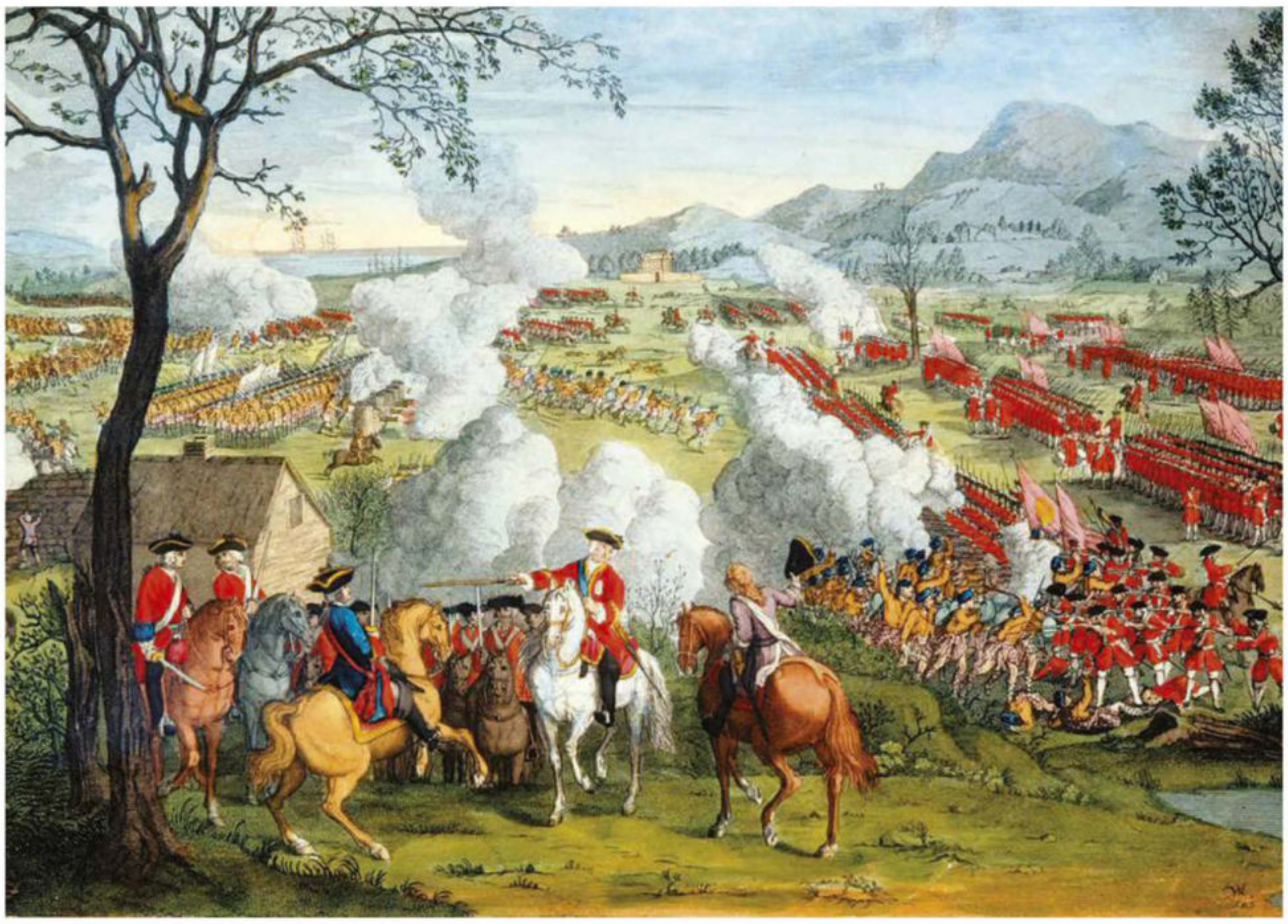

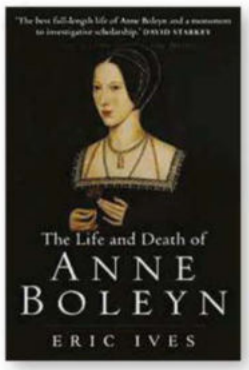
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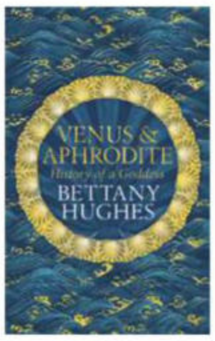
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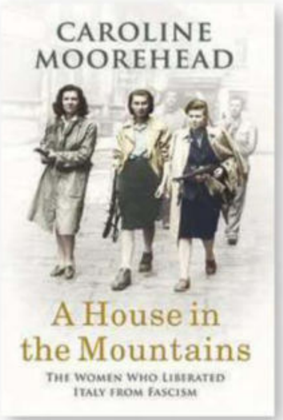
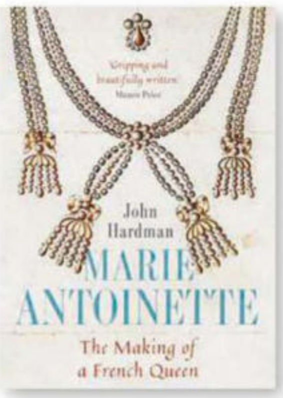

CAROLINE MOOREHEAD
A House in the Mountains
THE WOMEN WHO LIBERATED ITALY FROM FASCISM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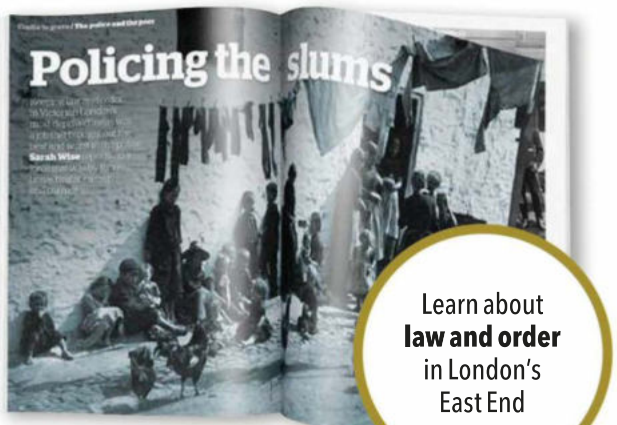
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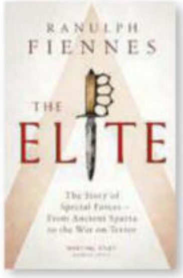
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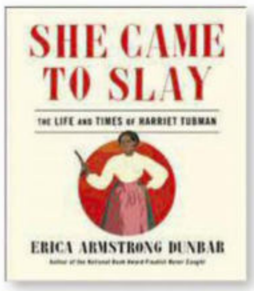
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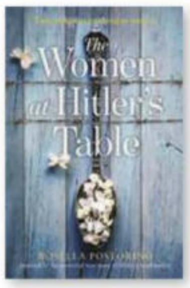
The Women at Hitler's Table
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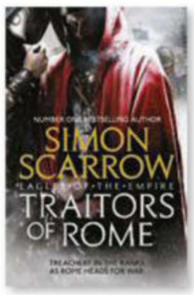
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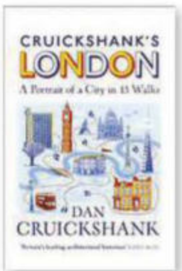
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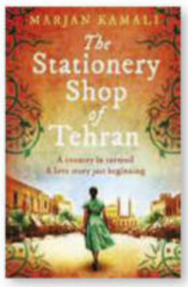
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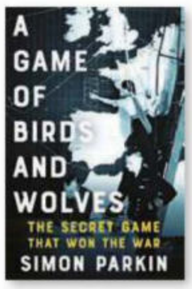
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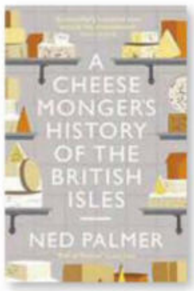

A CHEESEMONGER'S HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ISLES
NED PALMER

In the firing line
Lance Corporal Schofield (George MacKay) is sent on a perilous mission through the trenches in Sam Mendes' one-shot war epic, *1917*

UNIVERSAL FILM STUDIOS

WATCH

Race for life

As we went to press, early reviews for director Sam Mendes' First World War epic *1917* were rolling in. The tone was overwhelmingly positive, with the film tipped to rival Quentin Tarantino's *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood* and Martin Scorsese's *The Irishman* for the best picture Oscar.

As to why, it's partly because of the audacious way *1917* plays out as one continuous shot, under the guidance of director of photography Roger Deakins (a 14-time Oscar nominee and one-time winner). This is a war film that thrusts audiences fully into the action.

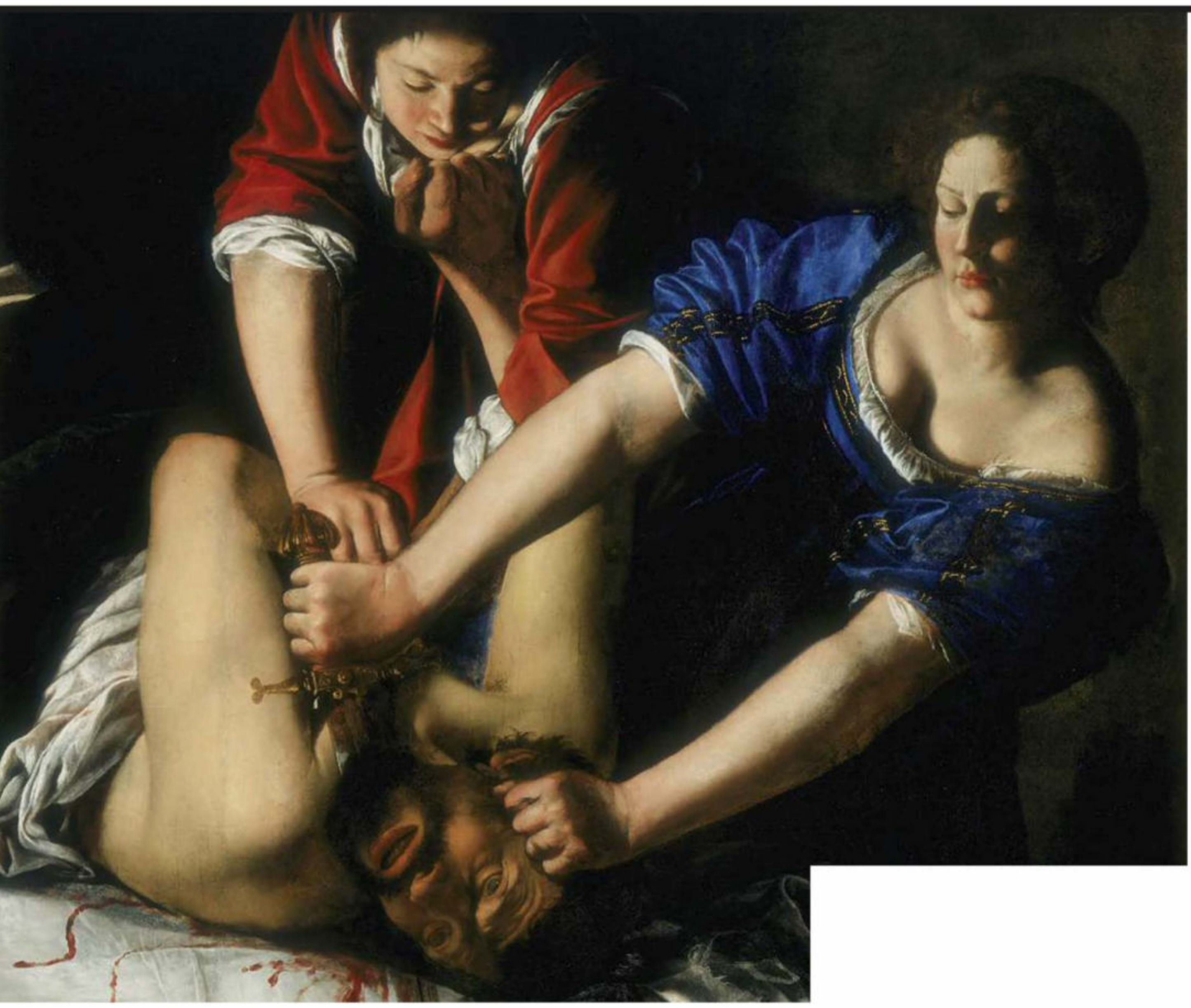
It also has much to do with the extraordinary story, which was partly inspired by the wartime experiences of Mendes' own grandfather, a race-against-time narrative that follows two soldiers who have eight hours to run through German territory and deliver a message that will prevent 1,600 men from walking into an ambush.

Up-and-coming actors George MacKay and Dean-Charles Chapman star, respectively, as soldiers Schofield and Blake, while an impressive supporting cast includes Mark Strong, Andrew Scott, Colin Firth and Benedict Cumberbatch.

1917
In cinemas nationwide on 10 January

ENCOUNTERS

84 DIARY: LISTEN / WATCH / VISIT
By **Jon Bauckham** and **Jonathan Wright**
90 EXPLORE... Quarry Bank Mill, Cheshire



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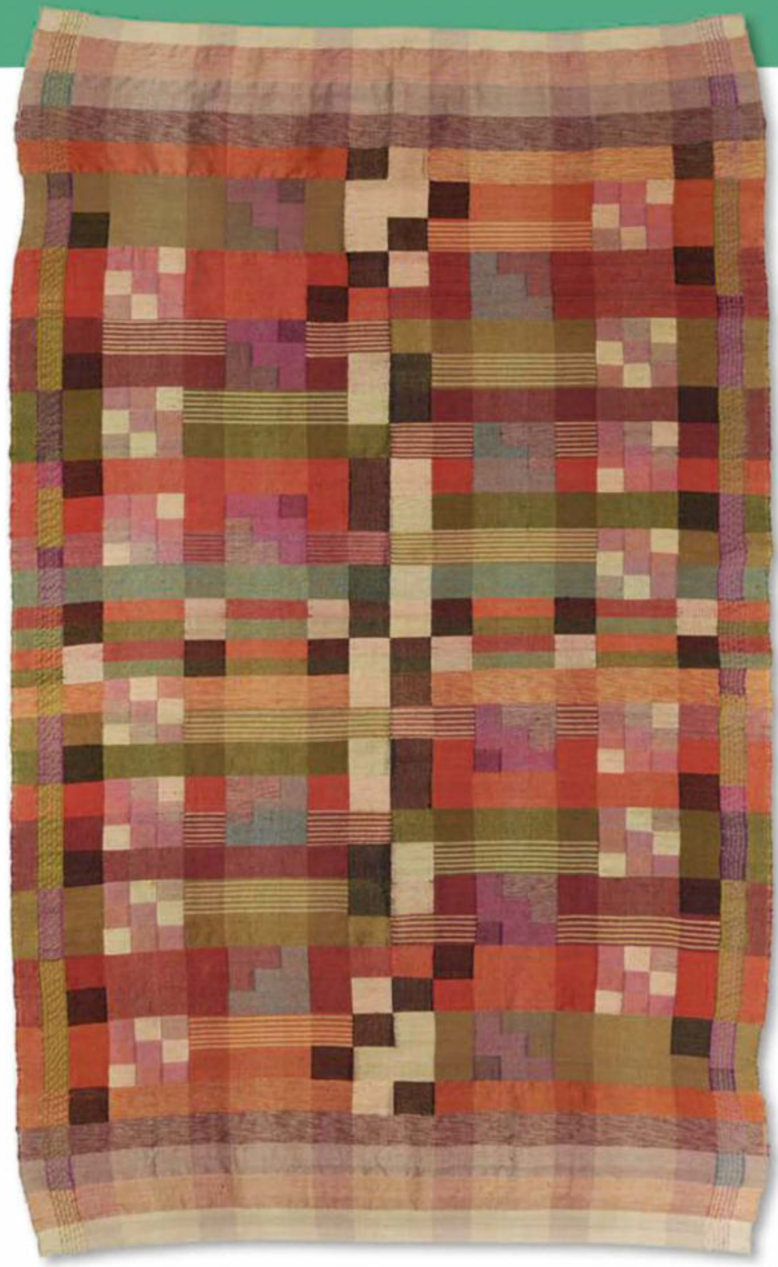

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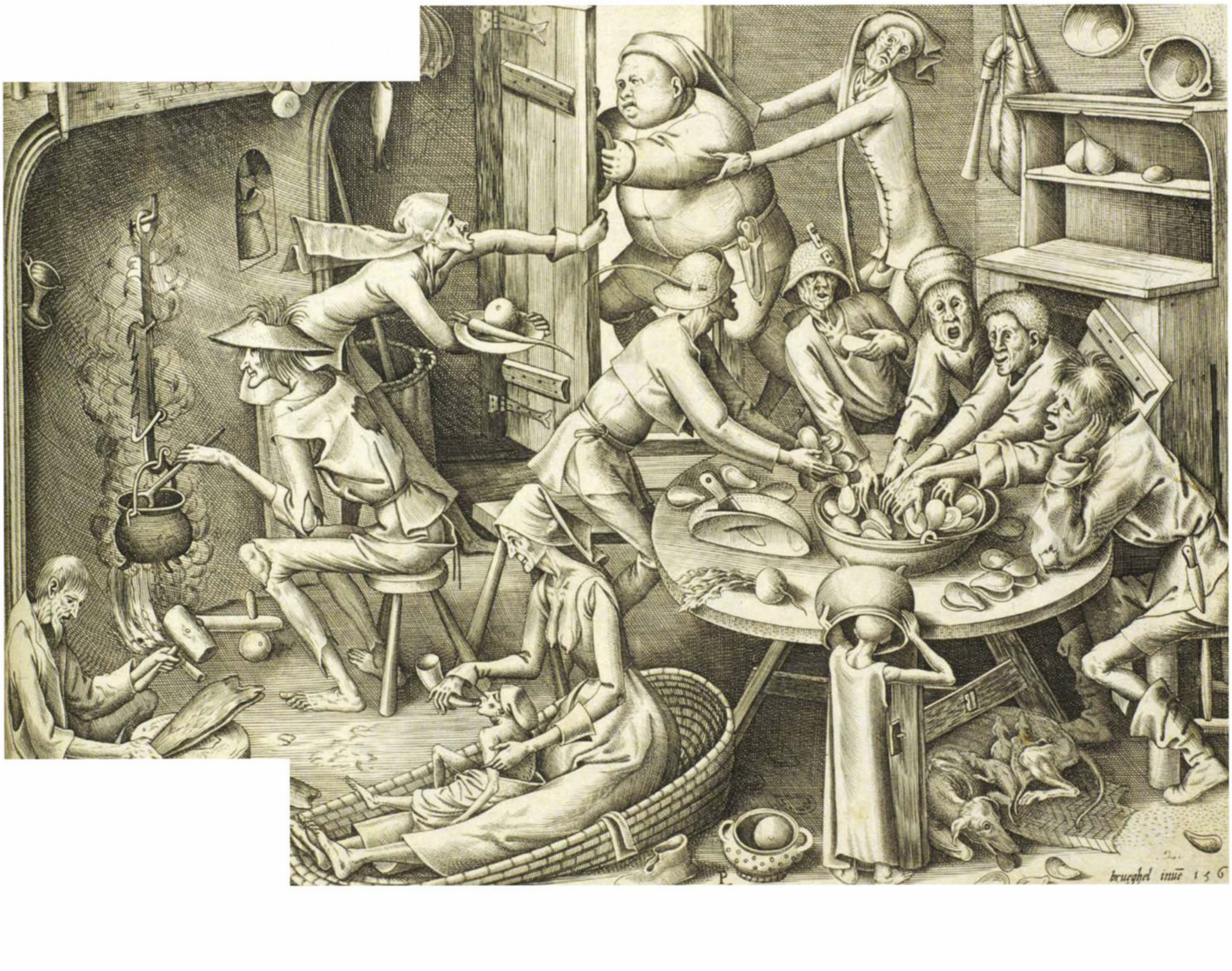
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The cotton empire supported by child labour

Cheshire is home to one of the best preserved textile mills of the industrial revolution. **NICK RENNISON** explores the lifestyles of the owner and his workers, some of them as young as eight years old

Stand in the cavernous weaving sheds at Quarry Bank Mill when the old machinery is put to work and the noise is deafening. The floor shakes beneath your feet. The looms make an astonishing din. It's a reminder of what employees here once had to endure every day of their working lives. One of the best preserved mills from the early industrial revolution, Quarry Bank, together with the estate that developed around it, has been a National Trust property since 1939. For the last four years, extensive work by the Trust has opened up new areas of the site, from a workers' cottage to the mill owner's family home, and visitors can now see a complete industrial landscape in the Cheshire countryside.

Quarry Bank was the creation of the Belfast-born cotton manufacturer Samuel Greg, who had come to England as a boy. After schooling at Harrow, he learned the cotton trade while working for his uncles, who were both linen merchants from Manchester. When one died, leaving him a substantial sum of money, Greg knew how he wanted to invest it. He began to look for a suitable site for a water-powered mill to drive the production of spun cotton. He found it on the banks of the River Bollin in the small village of Styal. His mill was begun in 1784. By the time Greg retired from business, nearly 50 years later, it was the largest such enterprise in the country.

Situated incongruously next door to the vast bulk of the mill itself is an elegant, late Georgian home. Quarry Bank House, first opened to the public in 2017, was where the Greg family lived. In 1789, Samuel married Hannah Lightbody, the daughter of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, and the couple started married life in Manchester. Work on Quarry Bank House began in the 1790s and, by the early years of the new century, the Gregs had moved out of the smoky city and taken up residence in Styal. The recent restoration of the house enables us to get some sense of the elegance and comfort in which they lived.

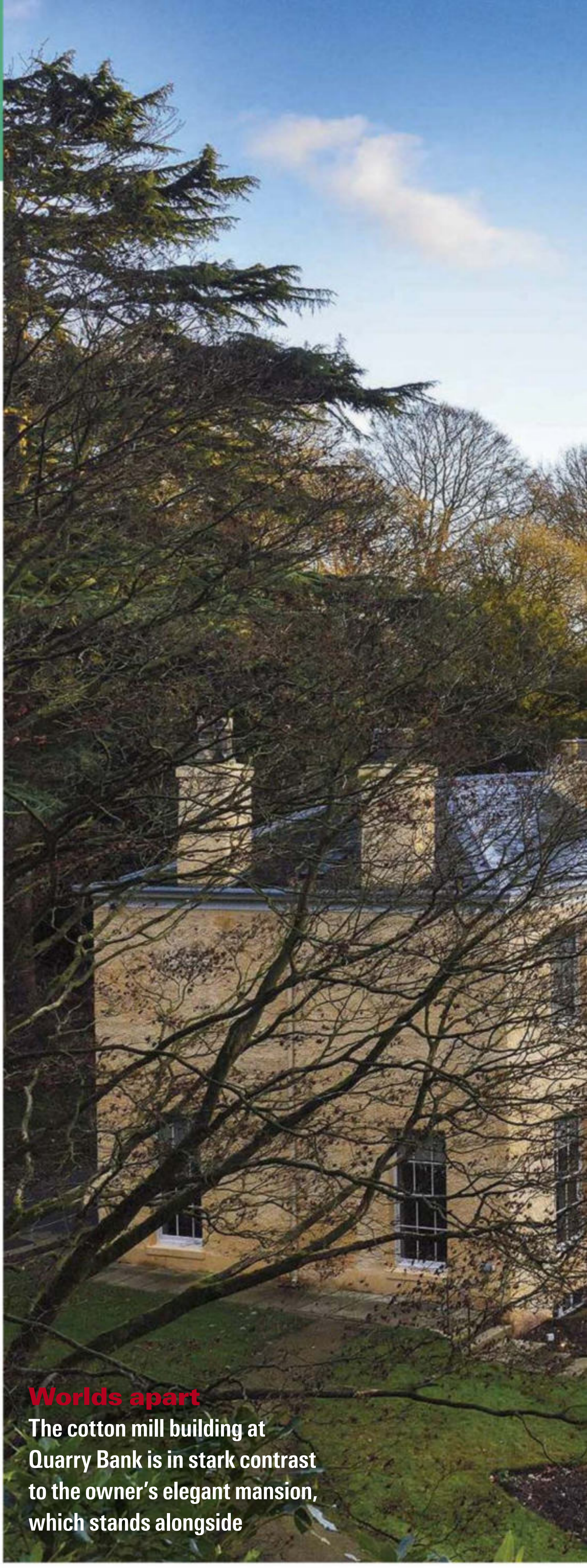
// Cotton workers endured 10 hours or more of drudgery in the mill each day. The work was filthy, exhausting and dangerous //

Their employees were not so lucky, as a guided tour of the Apprentice House reveals. Here they were given food and board in exchange for their work. Factories like Greg's needed cheap labour: children, often as young as eight, provided it. Up to 90 at a time, they were crammed in to the Apprentice House and endured 10 hours or more of drudgery in the mill each day. The work was filthy, exhausting and dangerous. Parliament passed acts to improve the lot of child labourers throughout the 19th century but conditions at Quarry Bank continued to be life-threatening. As late as 1865 one unfortunate 13-year-old boy named John Foden was caught up in the machinery. His head, the official report states, was "completely smashed, death being instantaneous".

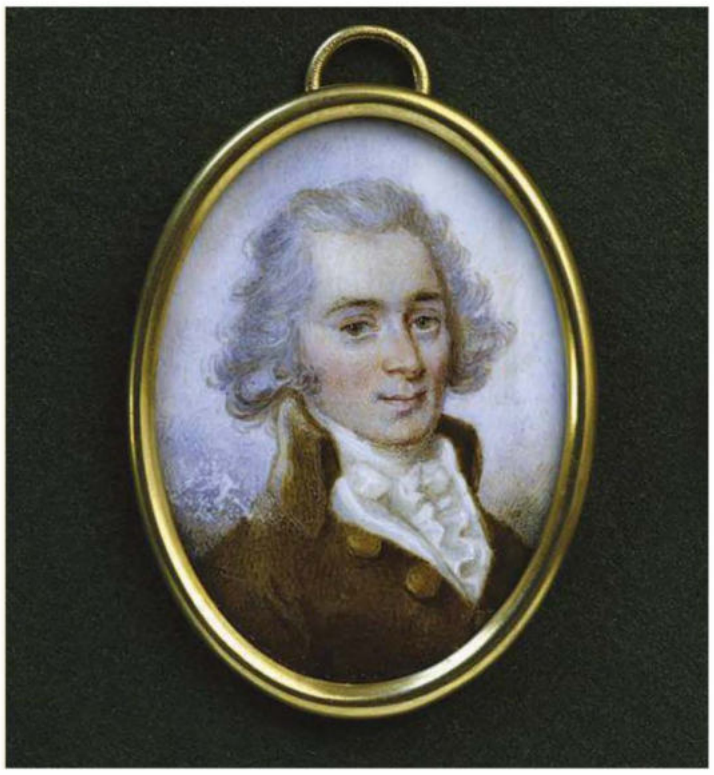
By the standards of the day, Greg was not an unenlightened employer. Many of the children in the Apprentice House were brought from workhouses in Manchester and Liverpool where life would probably have been even harsher. Supervised by Hannah Greg, they were given food, lodgings and at least a basic education. However, a tour of Quarry Bank Mill brings home just how the wealth of manufacturers like Samuel Greg was built on the toil of men, women and children in often appalling conditions. H

Nick Rennison is an author with a particular interest in the Victorian era and crime fiction

VISIT For more information, visit the website: **nationaltrust.org.uk/quarry-bank**



Worlds apart
The cotton mill building at Quarry Bank is in stark contrast to the owner's elegant mansion, which stands alongside



NATIONAL TRUST IMAGES-JOHN MILLAR/NATIONAL TRUST IMAGES-MIKE WILLIAMS/NATIONAL TRUST IMAGES-PAUL HARRIS

FAR LEFT: Samuel Greg, who had the water-powered cotton mill built on the banks of the river Bollin from 1784
LEFT: Machines threaded with cotton at the restored mill, where visitors can hear the clatter of the weaving looms at work

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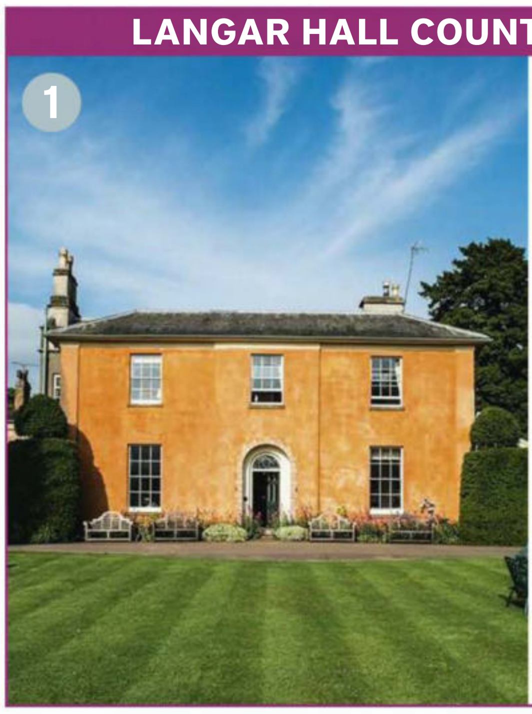

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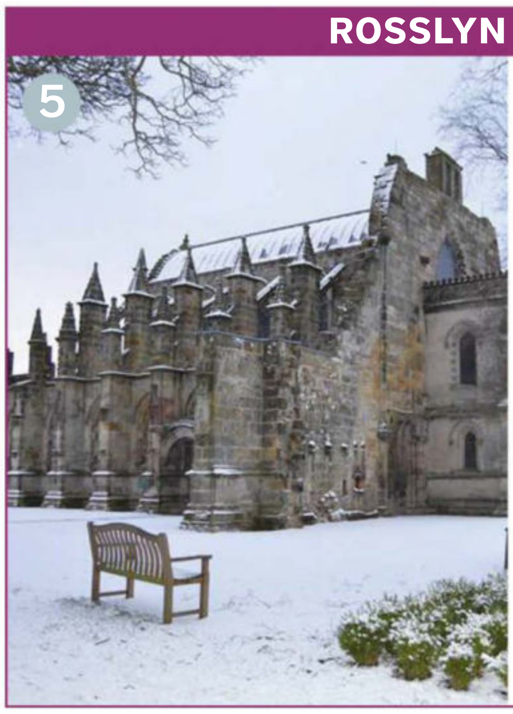

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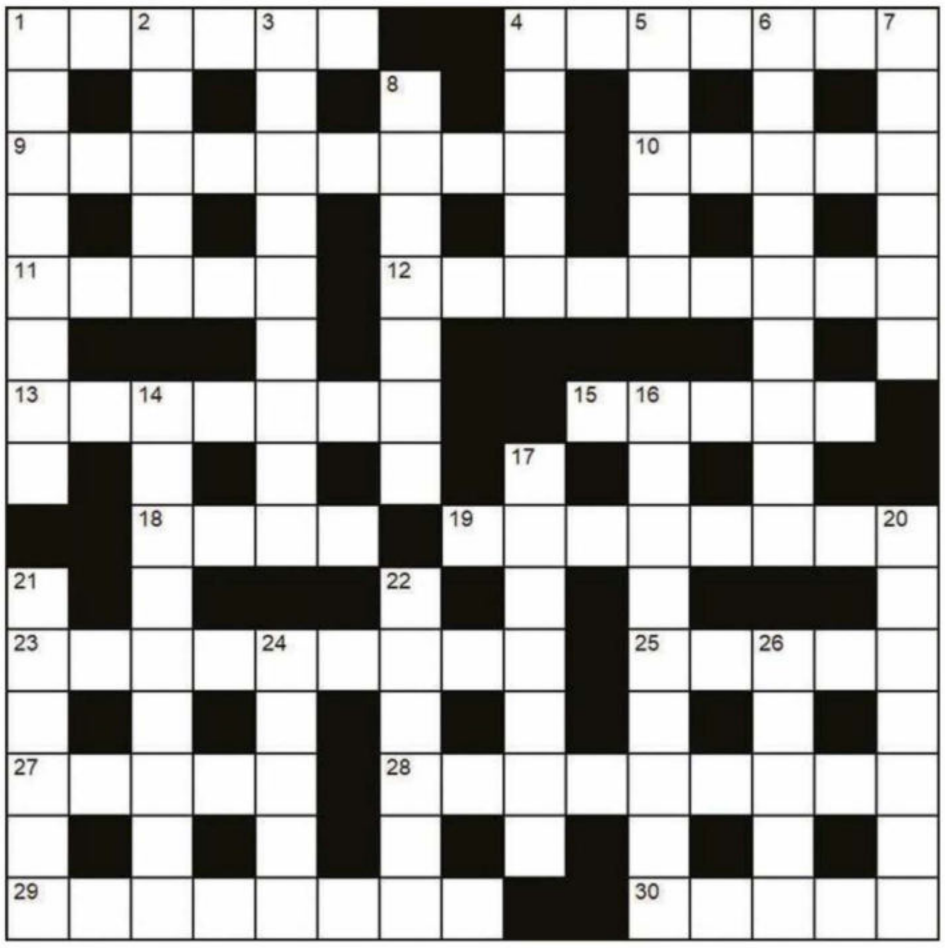

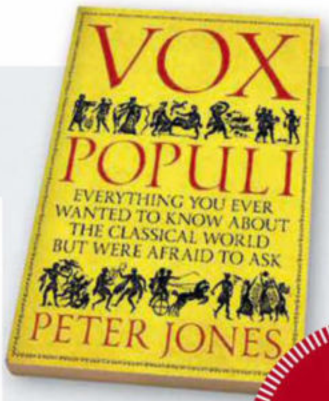
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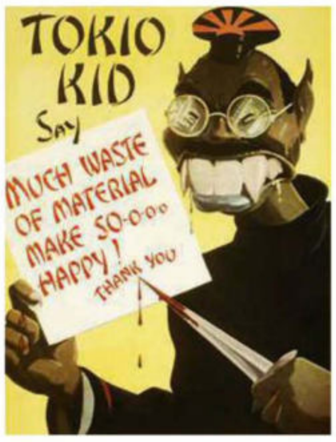
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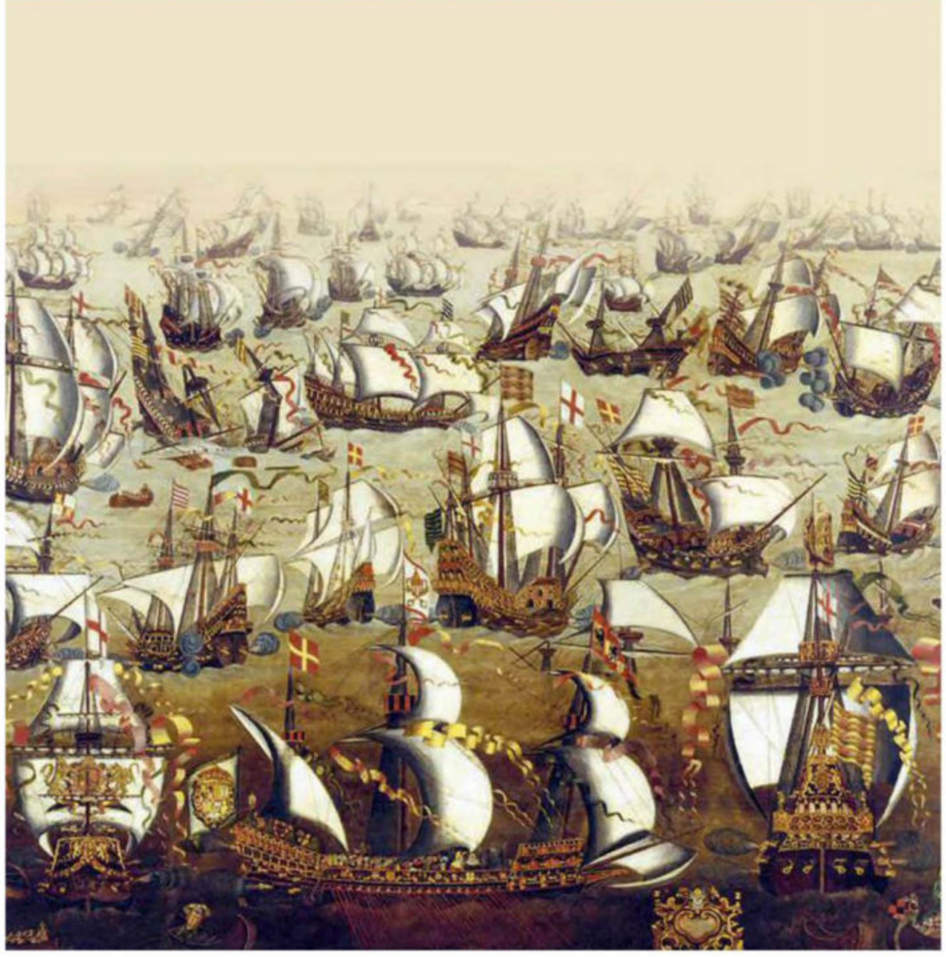
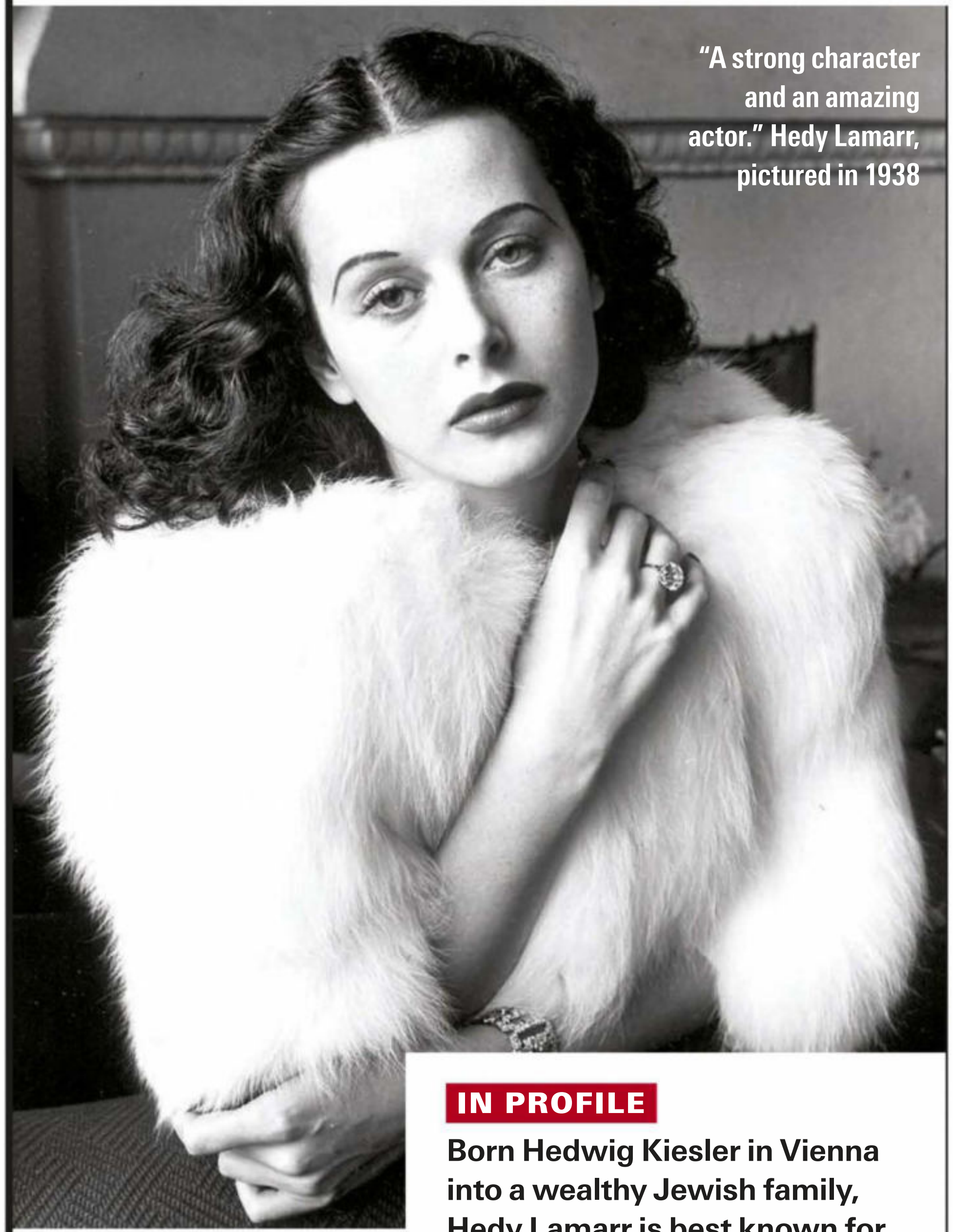


Internet entrepreneur and philanthropist ***Martha Lane Fox*** *chooses*

Hedy Lamarr

1914–2000

Martha Lane Fox co-founded lastminute.com in 1998 and sits on the boards of Twitter and Chanel. She is chancellor of the Open University



"A strong character and an amazing actor." Hedy Lamarr, pictured in 1938

IN PROFILE

Born Hedwig Kiesler in Vienna into a wealthy Jewish family, Hedy Lamarr is best known for starring in hit Hollywood films such as *Lady of the Tropics* (1939) and *Boom Town* (1940). She was also a gifted inventor, helping develop a radio guidance system for torpedoes to counter the threat of jamming, patented during the Second World War. The principles of her work are incorporated into Bluetooth and Wi-Fi technology. The six-times-married mother-of-three died a recluse in Florida, aged 85.

> " I respect anybody who can move between disciplines like she did, and be both a big-screen star and a serious mathematician "

When did you first hear about Lamarr? I've been a big fan of her films – Hollywood classics like Cecil B DeMille's biblical romantic drama *Samson and Delilah* (1949), which I think is absolutely hilarious – ever since my teens. I quite liked her racy personal life and the fact that she was very much her own woman. However, I learnt a lot more about her from an excellent documentary called *Bombshell: The Hedy Lamarr Story* which I saw a couple of years ago.

What kind of person was she? She was incredibly talented. I respect anybody who can move between disciplines like she did, and be both a big-screen star and a serious mathematician, whose research all those years ago helped lay the basis for the infrastructure of Wi-Fi. I think that Hedy was a complicated person, which might go some way to explaining her tempestuous private life. She was also a strong character, an amazing actor and a beautiful woman, although at times she felt she had to play down her glamour for people to see her serious side.

What made her a hero? The number of women who work in the world of technology today is relatively small and, by and large, they're not well known. So I think we need to raise the profile of women such as Hedy Lamarr who have made such a significant contribution to all the ways in which we now use technology. I'm rather ashamed to admit it, but it was not until the 2000s that I really appreciated just how important a role she played in laying the groundwork for the modern world of technology.

What was Lamarr's finest hour? It's her career arc that I really admire. Anyone who developed the frequency-hopping system she co-created in the war, which has contributed so significantly to today's communications technology, while also making a lot of films of real note, has to be a pretty impressive person. She also had the first on-screen orgasm in mainstream cinema history, in the 1933 erotic drama *Ecstasy* [appearing under the name Hedy Kiesler]!

Is there anything you don't particularly admire about her? As I've mentioned, she had a complex personal life, and it's unfortunate that that eclipses some of her other achievements. I wonder if a man would have had so much written about his private life?

Can you see any parallels between Lamarr's life and your own? I'm a frustrated actor and would love to have had a successful Hollywood career, but I'm not nearly as racy as Hedy and not a fraction as glamorous! That said, like her, I've always tried to do my own thing and be my own person.

Martha Lane Fox was talking to York Membery

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In Radio 4's **Great Lives**, guests choose inspirational figures: *bbc.co.uk/programmes/b006qxsb*

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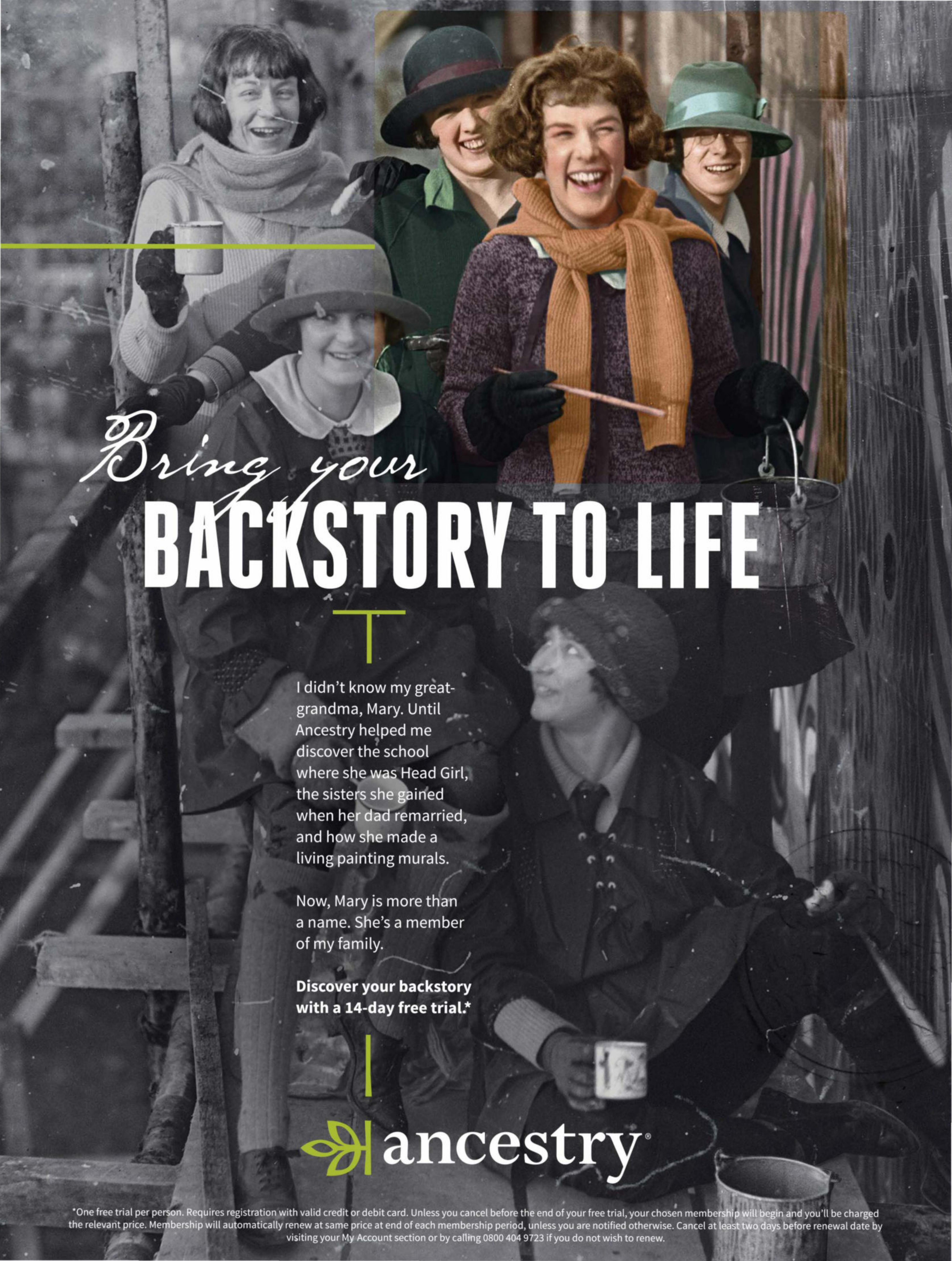

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